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REVIEWS

Recollections of Europe. By J. Fenimore Cooper, Esq. 2 vols. Bentley.

THESE volumes may be considered as addenda to Mr. Cooper's former works on France and Switzerland, or, as he himself describes them, as "gleanings of a harvest already gathered." They are pleasant enough, and have speculation in them; but we are not quite certain that the speculations, or the opinions on which they rest, will be particularly admired, either in America or England. Mr. Cooper has of late set up his rest as a moral censor, and there is occasional truth in the lectures he is pleased to read to both nations. But, so far as these lectures are to be received as evidence of his own habitual thoughts and feelings, they are, we must confess, strange and startling. Never, indeed, even in the most frivolous of fashionable novels, were we so pestered with popinjay philosophy about mere manners. The work seems to have been written in rivalry of our own 'Book of Etiquette,' and we suggest to Transatlantic publishers that selections might be profitably made from it, and published as 'The American Manual of Gentility; or, Every Man his own Chesterfield.' The forms and observances of European society, indeed, appear to Mr. Cooper to be matters of the gravest importance, and it is seriously and significantly hinted, that the question of precedence at our dinner tables, where, from the national equality of their laws and institutions, the Americans, it appears, have no fixed determinate position, will be hereafter settled; that is to say, that America, which is strong enough now to dispute any point of aggression at the cannon's mouth, is yet too weak to grapple with so important a matter—but that her fifty millions will do what the eleven cannot. Heaven help the fifty millions if they trouble their heads about such foolery! Mr. Cooper, however, acts up to his philosophy, and avails himself of all occasions, in season and out of season, to instruct his countrymen in the laws and observances relating to visits, presentations, calls, announcements, &c. and such small matters as surely never before entered into the consideration of any but a mere whiffing coxcomb. It is perfectly true, that many of these customs differ in America and Europe, and, we may add, in every country in Europe, and in every *caste* of society in every country; and it may be of importance, less so every passing day, that the red-tape people should be conversant with such matters; but we never knew an Englishman, except as before expected, who gave the subject a second thought—Mr. Cooper's "provincial" Sir Walter manifestly had not. They presume that kind feelings and intentions speak a universal language, and that where such intentions are obvious, forms are of little moment, except to very little people, whom they are content to pass without exchanging unmeaning compliments. From Mr. Cooper's directions and suggestions and nervous sensibilities on these matters, one would really suppose that his countrymen were a race of Yahoos, not to be let loose on civilized society until they had learned "to dance a saraband" and had their teeth drawn. Now, we have often had the good fortune to meet with Americans fresh caught, and never, but in very few instances, have we observed them either to snort, neigh, or bite, so as to alarm the company. No doubt a peculiarity of manners

and opinions is observable, and most so in those whom we like best, the straightforward and unaffected; but does Mr. Cooper believe that institutions have no influence whatever? Would no such peculiarity be observed if a Frenchman or an Englishman were introduced for the first time into society at Boston or Philadelphia? But enough of this:—we cannot, however, take leave of the subject without quoting an anecdote from his own work, in proof how little persons of rank really care about such shades of distinction as seem to occupy the whole heart and thought of this republican writer, expressing our surprise that the moral should have been so utterly lost sight of by a philosopher.

"I asked La Fayette how his father happened to be styled the *Comte de la Fayette*, and he to be called the *Marquis*. He could not tell me: his grandfather was the *Marquis de la Fayette*, his father the *Comte*, and he again was termed the *Marquis*. 'I know very little about it,' said he, 'beyond this: I found myself a little *Marquis*, as I grew to know anything, and boys trouble themselves very little about such matters; and then I soon got tired of the name after I went to America.'"

"I was at a small dinner given by the *Comte de Ségur*, just before we went to La Grange, and at which General La Fayette and M. Alexander de Lameth were also guests. The three had served in America, all of them having been colonels while little more than boys. In the course of the conversation, M. de Lameth jokingly observed that the Americans paid the greater deference to General La Fayette because he was a *Marquis*."

We will not add the good-humoured commentary of M. de Lameth, lest it should, under circumstances, be thought to have a wider application than we think just.

We shall now give a somewhat abridged account of Mr. Cooper's introduction to Sir Walter Scott:—

"Circumstances that it is needless to recount had brought me, to a slight degree, within the notice of Sir Walter Scott, though we had never met, nor had I ever seen him, even in public, so as to know his person. Still I was not without hopes of being more fortunate now, while I felt a delicacy about obtruding myself any further on his time and attention. Several days after his arrival went by, however, without my good luck bringing me in his way, and I began to give the matter up, though the Princess — with whom I had the advantage of being on friendly terms, flattered me with an opportunity of seeing the great writer at her house, for she had a fixed resolution of making his acquaintance before he left Paris, *cette qui coûte*."

"It might have been ten days after the arrival of Sir Walter Scott, that I had ordered a carriage, one morning, with an intention of driving over to the other side of the river, and had got as far as the lower flight of steps, on my way to enter it, when, by the tramping of horses in the court, I found that another coach was driving in. It was raining, and, as my own carriage drove from the door to make way for the new-comer, I stopped where I was, until it could return. The carriage-steps rattled, and presently a large, heavy-moulded man appeared in the door of the hotel. He was grey, and limped a little, walking with a cane. His carriage immediately drove round, and was succeeded by mine, again; so I descended. We passed each other on the stairs, bowing as a matter of course. I had got to the door, and was about to enter the carriage, when it flashed on my mind that the visit might be to myself. Under these impressions I paused, to see if the visitor went as far as our flight of steps. All this time, I had not the slightest suspicion of who he was,

though I fancied both the face and form were known to me.

"The stranger got up the large stone steps slowly, leaning, with one hand, on the iron railing, and with the other, on his cane. He was on the first landing, as I stopped, and, turning towards the next flight, our eyes met. The idea that I might be the person he wanted, seemed then to strike him for the first time. 'Est-ce Mons. — que j'ai l'honneur de voir?' he asked, in French, and with but an indifferent accent. 'Monsieur, je m'appelle —' 'Wah, bien, done—je suis Walter Scott.'"

"I ran up to the landing, shook him by the hand, which he stood holding out to me cordially, and expressed my sense of the honour he was conferring. He told me, in substance, that the Princess — had been as good as her word, and having succeeded herself in getting hold of him, she had good-naturedly given him my address. By way of cutting short all ceremony, he had driven from his hotel to my lodgings. All this time he was speaking French, while my answers and remarks were in English. Suddenly recollecting himself, he said:—'Well, here have I been *parlez-vous* to you, in a way to surprise you, no doubt; but these Frenchmen have got my tongue so set to their lingo, that I have half forgotten my own language.' As we proceeded up the next flight of steps, he accepted my arm, and continued the conversation in English, walking with more difficulty than I had expected to see. You will excuse the vanity of my repeating the next observation he made, which I do in the hope that some of our exquisites in literature may learn in what manner a man of true sentiment and sound feeling regards a trait that they have seen fit to stigmatize as unbecoming. 'I'll tell you what I most like,' he added, abruptly: 'and it is the manner in which you maintain the ascendancy of your own country on all proper occasions, without descending to vulgar abuse of ours. You are obliged to bring the two nations in collision, and I respect your liberal hostility.' 'I am afraid the mother has not always treated the daughter well,' he continued, 'feeling a little jealous of her growth, perhaps; for, though we hope England has not yet begun to descend on the evil side, we have a presentiment that she has got to the top of the ladder.'"

"There would be an impropriety in my relating all that passed in this interview; but we talked over a matter of business, and then the conversation was more general. You will remember that Sir Walter was still the *Unknown*, and that he was believed to be in Paris in search of facts for the *Life of Napoleon*. Notwithstanding the former circumstance, he spoke of his works with great frankness and simplicity, and without the parade of asking any promises of secrecy. In short, as he commenced in this style, his authorship was alluded to by us both just as if it had never been called in question. He asked me if I had a copy of the — by me, and on my confessing I did not own a single volume of anything I had written, he laughed, and said he believed that most authors had the same feeling on the subject: as for himself, he cared not if he never saw a *Waverley* novel again as long as he lived."

"He sat with me nearly an hour, and he manifested, during the time the conversation was not tied down to business, a strong propensity to humour. Having occasion to mention our common publisher in Paris, he quaintly termed him, with a sort of malicious fun, 'Our Gostling'; adding, that he hoped he, at least, 'laid golden eggs.'"

"I hoped that he had found the facilities he desired, in obtaining facts for the forthcoming history. He rather hesitated about admitting this. 'One can hear as much as he pleases, in the way of anecdote,' he said, 'but then, as a gentleman, he is not always sure how much of it he can, with propriety, relate in a book; besides'—throwing all his latent humour

into the expression of his small grey eyes—'one may even doubt how much of what he hears is fit for history on another account.' He paused, and his face assumed an exquisite air of confiding simplicity, as he continued, with perfect *bonne foi* and strong Scottish feeling, 'I have been to see my countryman McDonald, and I rather think that will be about as much as I can do here, now.' This was uttered with so much *naïveté* that I could hardly believe it was the same man who, a moment before, had shown so much shrewd distrust of oral relations of facts.

'I enquired when we might expect the work. 'Some time in the course of the winter,' he replied, 'though it is likely to prove larger than I at first intended. We have got several volumes printed, but I find I must add to the matter considerably, in order to dispose of the subject. I thought I should get rid of it in seven volumes, which are already written, but it will reach, I think, to nine.' 'If you have two still to write, I shall not expect to see the book before spring.' You may: let me once get back to Abbotsford, and I'll soon knock off those two fellows.' To this I had nothing to say, although I thought such a *tour de force* in writing might better suit invention than history.

'When he rose to go, I begged him to step into the *salon*, that I might have the gratification of introducing my wife to him. To this he very good-naturedly assented, and entering the room, after presenting Mrs. — and my nephew W., he took a seat. He sat some little time, and his fit of pleasantness returned, for he illustrated his discourse by one or two apt anecdotes, related with a slightly Scottish accent, that he seemed to drop and assume at will. Mrs. — observed to him that the *bergère* in which he was seated had been twice honoured that morning, for General Lafayette had not left it more than half an hour. Sir Walter Scott looked surprised at this, and said inquiringly, 'I thought he had gone to America, to pass the rest of his days?' On my explaining the true state of the case, he merely observed, 'He is a great man;' and yet I thought the remark was made coldly, or in complaisance to us.

'When Sir Walter left us, it was settled that I was to breakfast with him the following day but one. I was punctual, of course, and found him in a new silk *douillette* that he had just purchased, trying 'as hard as he could,' as he pleasantly observed, to make a Frenchman of himself—an undertaking as little likely to be successful, I should think, in the case of his Scottish exterior, and Scottish interior too, as any experiment well could be. There were two or three visitors present besides Miss Ann Scott, his daughter, who was his companion in the journey. He was just answering an invitation from the Princess —, to an evening party, as I entered. 'Here,' said he, 'you are a friend of the lady; and *parlez-vous* so much better than I; can you tell me whether this is for *Jeu*, or *Lundi*, or *Mardi*, or whether it means no day at all?' I told him the day of the week intended. 'You get notes occasionally from the lady, or you could not read her scrawl so readily?' 'She is very kind to us, and we often have occasion to read her writing.' 'Well, it is worth a very good dinner to get through a page of it.' 'I take my revenge in kind, and I fancy she has the worst of it.' 'I don't know, after all, that she will get much the better of me with this *plume d'auberge*.' ••

'He had sealed the note, and was about writing the direction, when he seemed at a loss. 'How do you address this lady—as "Her Highness"?' I was much surprised at this question from him, for it denoted a want of familiarity with the world, that one would not have expected in a man who had been so very much and so long courted by the great. But, after all, his life has been provincial, though, as his daughter remarked in the course of the morning, they had no occasion to quit Scotland to see the world, all the world coming to see Scotland.

'He did not appear to me to be pleased with Paris. His notions of the French were pretty accurate, though clearly not free from the old-fashioned prejudices. 'After all,' he remarked, 'I am a true Scot, never, except on this occasion, and the short visit I made to Paris in 1815, having been out of my own country, unless to visit England, and I have even done very little of the latter.' I understood him to say he had never been in Ireland, at all.

'I met him once more, in the evening, at the

hotel of the Princess —. The party had been got together in a hurry, and was not large. Our hostess contrived to assemble some exceedingly clever people, however, among whom were one or two women, who are already historical, and whom I had fancied long since dead. All the female part of the company, with the silent delicacy that the French so well understand, appeared with ribbons, hats, or ornaments of some sort or other, of a Scottish stamp. Indeed, almost the only woman in the room that did not appear to be a Caledonian was Miss Scott. She was in half-mourning, and, with her black eyes and jet-black hair, might very well have passed for a Frenchwoman, but for a slight peculiarity about the cheek-bones. She looked exceedingly well, and was much admired. ••

'Nothing could be more patient than his manner, under it all; but as soon as he very well could, he got into a corner, where I went to speak to him. He said, laughingly, that he spoke French with so much difficulty, he was embarrassed to answer the compliments. 'I am as good a lion as needs be, allowing my mane to be stroked as familiarly as they please; but I can't growl for them, in French. How is it with you?' ••

As a companion picture, we give a sketch of Canning, taken at a diplomatic dinner given by the American Ambassador:—

'The Americans very properly came first. We were Mr. Gallatin, who was absent from London on leave, his wife and daughter, and a clergyman and his wife, and myself; Mrs. — having declined the invitation on account of ill-health. The announcing and the entrance of most of the company, especially as everybody was in high dinner-dress, the women in jewels and the men wearing all their orders, had something of the air of a scenic display. The effect was heightened by the magnificence of the hotel, the drawing-room in which we were collected being almost regal.

'The first person who appeared was a handsome, compact, well-built, gentleman-like little man, who was announced as the Duke of Villa Hermosa, the Spanish ambassador. He was dressed with great simplicity and beauty, having, however, the breast of his coat covered with stars, among which I recognized, with historical reverence, that of the Golden Fleece. He came alone, his wife pleading indisposition for absence. The Prussian minister and his wife came next. Then followed Lord and Lady Granville, the representatives of England. •• The Austrian ambassador and ambassadress followed, a couple of singularly high air, and a good tone of manner. •• They had hardly made their salutations before M. le Comte et Mad. la Comtesse de Villèle were announced. Here, then, we had the French prime minister. As the women precede the men into a drawing-room here, knowing how to walk and to curtsy alone, I did not, at first, perceive the great man, who followed so close to his wife's skirts as to be nearly hid. But he was soon flying about the room at large, and betrayed himself immediately to be a fidget. •• His colleague, the foreign minister, M. de Damas, and his wife, came next. •• There was a pause, when a quiet, even-paced, classical-looking man, in the attire of an ecclesiastic, appeared in the door, and was announced as 'My Lord the Nuncio.' ••

'My Lord Clanricarde and Mr. Canning' came next, and the great man, followed by his son-in-law, made his appearance. He walked into the room with the quiet aplomb of a man accustomed to being lionized; and certainly, without being of striking, he was of very pleasing appearance. His size was ordinary, but his frame was compact and well built, neither too heavy nor too light for his years, but of just the proportions to give one the idea of a perfect management of the machine. His face was agreeable, and his eye steady and searching. He and M. de Villèle were the very opposites in demeanour, though, after all, it was easy to see that the Englishman had the most latent force about him. One was fidgety, and the other humorous; for, with all his command of limb and gesture, nothing could be more natural than the expression of Mr. Canning. I may have imagined that I detected some of his wit, from a knowledge of the character of his mind. He left the impression, however, of a man whose natural powers were checked by a trained and factitious de-

ference to the rank of those with whom he associated. Lord Granville, I thought, treated him with a sort of affectionate deference; and, right or wrong, I jumped to the conclusion, that the English ambassador was a straightforward, good fellow at the bottom, and one very likely to badger the fidgety premier, by his steady determination to do what was right. I thought M. de Damas, too, looked like an honest man. God forgive me, if I do injustice to any of these gentlemen!

'All this time, I have forgotten Count Pozzo di Borgo, the Russian ambassador. Being a bachelor, he came alone. •• M. Pozzo is a handsome man, of good size and a fine dark eye, and has a greater reputation for talents than any other member of the diplomatic corps now at Paris. ••

'If I had been struck with the rapid and business-like manner in which the company entered, I was amused with the readiness with which they paired off when dinner was announced. It was like a *coup de théâtre*, every man and every woman knowing his or her exact rank and precedence, and the time when to move. ••

'Diplomatic etiquette made short work of the matter, notwithstanding, for the doors were hardly thrown open, before all the privileged vanished, with a quickness that was surprising. The minister took Madame de Villèle; M. de Villèle, Mrs. Brown; M. de Damas, the wife of the oldest ambassador; and the Nuncio, Madame de Damas: after which, the ambassadors and ministers took each other's wives in due order, and with a promptitude that denoted great practice. Even the chargé disappeared, leaving the rest of us to settle matters among ourselves as well as we could. Mr. Canning, Mr. Gallatin, Lord Clanricarde, the divine, the secretary, and myself, were left with only the wife of the clergyman and Miss Gallatin. As a matter of course, the Americans, feeling themselves at home, made signs for the two Englishmen to precede them, and Mr. Canning offered his arm to Mrs. —, and Lord Clanricarde, his to Miss Gallatin. Here occurred a touch of character that is worthy to be mentioned, as showing of how very little account an American, male or female, is in the estimation of a European, and how very arbitrary are the laws of etiquette among our English cousins. Mr. Canning actually gave way to his son-in-law, leaving the oldest of the two ladies to come after the youngest, because, as a marquise, his son-in-law took precedence of a commoner! This was out of place in America, at least, where the parties were, by a fiction in law, if not in politeness, and it greatly scandalized all our Yankee notions of propriety. Mrs. — afterwards told me that he apologized for the circumstance, giving Lord Clanricarde's rank as the reason. 'Semper eadem,' or 'worse and worse,' as my old friend O——n used to translate it. What became of the precedence of the married lady all this time? you will be ready to ask. Alas! she was an American, and had no precedence. The twelve millions may not settle this matter as it should be; but, take my word for it, the 'fifty millions' will.'

It is curious enough, that, not very long since, Mr. Cooper took offence at the critics, and fore-sware literature; and yet this is the third work of his which has passed under review within twelve months.

Introduction to the Literature of Europe, in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries. By Henry Hallam, F.R.A.S.

[Second Notice.]

The obvious defect of this work is, its contracted limits. Besides the period anterior to the opening of the subject, viz. from the fall of the Roman Empire to the year 1400, which is despatched in what we may call an introductory chapter of 113 pages, this volume contains, or rather should contain, a view of European literature and science, from 1400 to 1550. How could justice be done—not to the whole subject, but to any one branch of that subject? Classical literature, poetry, philosophy, theology;—any one of these would alone have required far more space than is devoted to *all* of them. The volume is too

synoptical: we want reasoning, not a nomenclature; discussion, and not a catalogue.

The second defect is, the somewhat inaccurate, no less than brief manner in which the period embraced by the first chapter is treated. If it were the author's object to *hasten* over it, he would perhaps have done more wisely to have omitted it altogether. It is for the sake of future labourers in the same field, and not from any capitious spirit towards Mr. Hallam, that we notice a few errors into which his extraordinary brevity has led him. Had he, who is certainly one of the most judicious writers of the present day, allowed himself a wider range of limit, assuredly he would have been more minute in his inquiries, and that minuteness would have superinduced greater accuracy: he would not so confidently have followed preceding guides. Where error is thus perpetuated,—when even our ablest writers do not afford themselves either space or leisure to expose it,—the correction becomes doubly incumbent on the critic. The merit of the greater part of Mr. Hallam's book will not be affected by the examination.

In asserting, (p. 5.) that "a prepossession against secular learning had taken hold of those ecclesiastics, who gave the tone to the rest," the author is not sufficiently explicit. By *secular* learning they meant, in general, the sophistry of the Greeks. Whatever was likely to illustrate the study of Holy Scripture, in the meaning of the Fathers, and—surely grammatical learning was of this kind,—was certainly not regarded with indifference: on the contrary, its study was strongly inculcated. So far is Gregory the Great from deserving the charge of hostility to really useful learning, that his correspondence will be found greatly to encourage it. From this charge he has been defended with as much success as zeal, by the excellent Tiraboschi—with so much indeed, that we never again expected to hear it preferred against him. Still less is it applicable to Alcuin, a man chosen as much for his attachment to learning, as for his varied erudition, to be the intellectual regenerator of a great nation: a man whose epistolary correspondence exhibits the warmest, the most unwearied zeal in the cause: a man who founded more schools than any other in the middle ages; who passed more time in literary pursuits than any other, Bede only excepted. The truth must be, we suppose, that Mr. Hallam has not read Alcuin, of whose works he appears to know absolutely nothing, except from a miserable fragment, *De Pontificibus*, in the 'Quindecim Scriptores' of Gale and Fell. 'Alcuin's own poems could at least not have been written by one unacquainted with Virgil: the faults are numerous, but the style is not always inelegant.' Whether this critique be just, we will enable both the learned and the mere English reader to infer, by giving the poet's Farewell Address to his Cell,—an address probably written on the eve of his departure for the continent:—

O, mea cella, mihi habitatio dulcis, amata
Semper in æternum, O, mea cella, vale!
Uedique te cingit ramis resonantibus arbor,
Silvula florigeris semper onusta comis.
Prata salutaris ferebant omnia et herbas
Quas medicus querit dextra, salutis ope.
Flumina te cingunt florentibus undique ripis,
Retia piscator qua sua tendit ovans:
Pomiferis redolent ramis tua claustra per hortos,
Lilia cum rosulis, candida mixta rubris.
Omne genus volucrum matutinis personat odas,
Atque Creatorem laudat in ore Deum.
In te personat quondam vox alma magistris,
Que sacrosopis tradidit ore libros.
In te temporis certis laus sancta Tonantis
Pacificis sonuit vocibus atque animis.
Te, mea cella, modo lacrymosa plango camœnis,
Atque gemens casus pectore plango tuos:
Tu subito quoniam fugisti carmina sancta,
Atque ignota manus te modo tota tenet.
Te modo nec Flaccus, nec magnus Homerus habebit,
Nec poëti musæ per tua tecta canunt.
Vertitur omne decus sæculi, sic namque repente,
Omnia mutantur ordinibus variis.

Nil manet æternum, nil immutabile vere est;
Obscurat sacrum nox tenebrosa diem;
Decutit et flores subito hymens frigida pulchros,
Perturbat placidum ad tristior aura mare.
Que campis cervos agitabat sacra juvenis
Incumbit fessum nunc baculo senior.
Nos miser! cur te, fugitive mundus! amamus?
Tu fugis a nobis semper ubique ruens.

[Translation.]

Beloved cell! retirement's sweet abode!
Farewell, a last farewell, thy poet bids thee!
Beloved cell, by smiling woods embraced,
Whose branches, shaken by the genial breeze,
To meditation oft my mind disposed;
Around thee to their health-reviving herbs
In verdure gay the fertile meadows spread;
And murmuring near, by flowery banks confined,
Through fragrant meads the crystal streamlets glide,
Wherein his nets the joyful fisher casts.
And fragrant with the apple-beding bough,
With rose and lily joined, thy gardens smile;
While jubilant, along thy verdant glades
At dawn his melody each songster pours,
And to his God attunes the notes of praise.
Yet sweeter far the sounds which thou hast heard,
When to my infant mind by christian sage
The books of holy wisdom were explained.
Still sweeter those which silent nature heard,
When grateful songs to Heaven's Great King arose.
Beloved cell, in mournful strains, alas!
And flowing tears, I leave thy ivy'd roof,
No more thy silence shall the muses break;
No more beneath thy classic shade recline
Famed Horace, or the greater sire of song.
No more, when stranger's feet these precincts tread,
Thy solitudes with youthful music ring.
Thus all things change; in mortal life
There's no stability; like sudden gloom,
Swift fades the splendour of this slippery world:
The brightest day is soon by darkness driven,
By frosty blasts the fairest flowers are nipt,
By raging winds the tranquil sea is vexed!
Here swifter youth the nimble stag pursues;
There, o'er his staff incumbent, totters age.
Why, world delusive, eager to betray,
Do we, blind mortals, love thee? *

In other respects the literary character of the period is under-rated by Mr. Hallam. Aldhelm, a writer whom, unaccountably enough, Mr. Hallam passes over in entire silence, is, as a poet, superior even to Alcuin. But are we to disparage the state of letters at a period when Bede, and Wilfrid, and Boniface,—writers whose works absolutely abound in even learned allusions,—were the admiration of Europe? The schools founded by Augustine and his successors, especially by Theodore of Cilicia, did indeed, as Bede (an eye-witness) assures us, diffuse the knowledge of Greek, Latin, and the liberal arts throughout the Anglo-Saxon church. Nor do we look merely to celebrated names for the effect of the cultivation thus introduced. Manuscripts of ancient authors were so abundant in England, that Alcuin purchased many for the use of the schools he established in Gaul. They were multiplied even by women,—women, too, who evidently understood them. It was for the use of the Abbess Hildelita and her community, that Aldhelm wrote his poem 'De Laudibus Virginitatis,'—a poem far from lucid, and requiring for its comprehension a respectable knowledge of the language. To the Abbess Eadburga was addressed the extraordinary letter on the damnation of King Ceobred,—a proof that she could read it. To several English nuns, St. Boniface addressed epistles, which are still extant, and which presume no mean acquirements in the readers. Some of them contain allusions to the classical writers of antiquity; and in one we have some verses (a first attempt) by a young nun, or rather novice, then learning "the metrical art" under the Abbess Eadburga. Nor is this all: the lives of two saints, Willibald and Wunibald, were written by an English nun. We cannot, therefore, but repeat, that in our opinion Mr. Hallam is unjust to the age. That schools, for instance, were established in Gaul long before "the sixth century," is undoubted, from the express authority of Cesarius of Arles, and Gregory of Tours, writers whom Mr. Hallam disparages,—simply, we believe, because he has not read them, or not read

* Europe during the Middle Ages, Vol. IV. There are some errors of quantity in the Latin; and the English is not always a literal translation.

them attentively. Had he done so, he would have found that, by the conventional rule of the former, the study of the Latin, we think also of the Greek fathers, was rendered obligatory even on nuns. Certainly the nun Radegund, of Poitiers, was, as we are incidentally informed by Fortunatus, in the habit of perusing Athanasius, Basil, and Gregory of Nazianzen, no less than Ambrose, Jerome, and Augustine. We have no reason to infer that these Greek fathers had been translated into Latin; still less that Radegund was much superior to the rest of the sisterly community. Had Mr. Hallam read attentively these writers, he would have found that a school was attached to every cathedral and to every monastery. Nor would he have mentioned such names as Cesarius, and Avitus of Vienne, in the very slight and unsatisfactory manner he does. Whoever will be at the pains to examine the poems of Avitus, 'De Creatione,' 'De Expulsionem Paradisi,' &c. will soon acknowledge that no classical poet of a subsequent age has more imagination, and very few indeed equal felicity of expression.*

With the origin of scholastic philosophy, our author does not appear to be much better acquainted. He must go farther back than the age of Anselm. If Johannes Erigena was not well versed in the art, then was no man during the middle ages. To understand this writer, we must do more than peruse the meagre extracts in Guizot; we must also peruse his work on Predestination, which he wrote at the instance of Hincmar, archbishop of Rheims. It exhibits wonderful subtlety, and proves beyond all doubt that his age, and that of the two archbishops, Hincmar, of Rheims, and Rabanus Maurus, of Mayence, was little inferior in acumen to the more celebrated ages which followed. But the origin of this philosophy must be sought at a period earlier still. Paschasius Radbertus, Haimo, of Halberstadt, and Ratramnus, monk of Corbey, are its true founders. The works of these men are amazing for their subtlety; nor do we know that they have ever been surpassed, even in the most acute age of school philosophy. In proof of this, we need only refer to the eternal dispute—so well known to all learned theologians—respecting the natural and eucharistic body of Christ. And in reference to Lanfranc and Anselm, Mr. Hallam is an unsafe guide. The former was very moderately versed in the school philosophy: he did not understand, or he did not value it. The latter is rated too low; he was one of the most acute, the most philosophic, and yet the clearest writers of the eleventh, or even the twelfth century. It is frequently the misfortune of Mr. Hallam to follow modern guides; to rest satisfied with their opinion, instead of examining for himself. Had he paid less attention, for instance, to Eichhorn or Tennemann, and more to the works of Anselm, he would have risen from his labour with a far higher admiration of that celebrated Italian, than he now feels. We may add, that the same laborious process would have compelled him to moderate his opinion of some other writers,—amongst the rest, of Abelard, whom he magnifies beyond due bounds.

Nor is it in relation to the Latin literature only, that Mr. Hallam's history is meagre, or otherwise unsatisfactory:

"The Anglo-Saxon poetry has occasionally a wild spirit, rather impressive, though it is often turgid and always rude. The Scandinavian, such as the well-known song of Regner Lodbrog, if that be as old as the period before us, which is now denied, displays a still more poetical character. Some of the earliest German poetry, the song on the victory of Louis III. over the Normans in 883, and, still more, the poem in praise of Hanno, archbishop of Cologne, who died

* They are in the Bibliotheca Patrum, tom. vi.

in 1075, are warmly extolled by Herder and Bouterwek."

In describing, or rather attempting to describe, the character of Anglo-Saxon poetry, how is it that Mr. Hallam does not mention the valuable specimens in Conybeare's *Illustrations*; that he omits Apollonius of Tyre, and, above all, *Beowulf*, the most splendid poem of the Middle Ages? And were he to glance at the rich stores of Scandinavian literature from the eleventh to the thirteenth century, he would find something rather superior to *Ragnar Lodbrok's* poem. The same want of familiar acquaintance with the literature of Armorica is visible; and what little he says on that of the Anglo-Normans is by no means satisfactory. Though Robert Wace is a European name, he is barely mentioned, and in such a manner as to lead us to infer that his works have not been consulted. Benedict de St. Maur is passed over in silence; so also is Marie de France; so also is Guibert de Montreuil, and a host besides. If, indeed, Mr. Hallam had acquired a competent knowledge of the Anglo-Norman branch of his subject, he would never have asserted (p. 59) that Layamon translated Wace's *Brut*. This is another of the odd assertions that descend from one writer to another—nobody taking the trouble to examine for himself.

But we must leave this first Chapter—the Introduction, as it may be called.

The second, 'On the Literature of Europe from 1400 to 1440,' does not contain much that is novel. The names of Poggio Bracciolini, of Gasparin de Bergamo, of Victorin de Feltre, of Leonardo Aretino, of Filelfo, of Gaza, of Valla, of Perotti, and of the other revivers of Latin or Greek learning, are too well known through Tiraboschi, Roscoe, and Sismondi, to require any discussion at our hands. On the literature, or rather the poetry of Spain, during this period, our author has two guides only—Bouterwek and Sismondi—the former so inaccurate, and so faulty in every way, as to have no consideration in the peninsula; the latter never entering profoundly into the subject, but intent only on writing a popular book, for such as had no previous knowledge of Castilian poetry. The following period (1440 to 1500) is still better known. It is the brightest period of the restoration, both of classical and of Greek learning. The fall of Constantinople (1453) naturally brought many literary Greeks to Italy; and by them the taste was diffused throughout Europe. This period, too, must ever be celebrated for the invention of printing—an art which did more to diffuse the spirit of information than all the transcribers that ever existed. To whom must it be ascribed? This question can never be satisfactorily answered. If by *printing*, we mean the use, not of blocks of wood on which certain letters were engraved, and which were consequently ever fast and immoveable, but of moveable types, we must exclude the Chinese and the early Dutch. It is manifest that these wooden stereotypes could not be very generally used; a few pages only could be thus cut; and though the Grammar of Donatus is said to have been thus impressed, it is a very short piece. This system of block-wood printing is, however, valuable, as it certainly led to that by separate letters, or moveable types. On this subject we may listen to Mr. Hallam, who, whenever he examines for himself, will always be read with pleasure:—

"The invention of printing, in the modern sense, from moveable letters, has been referred by most to Gutenberg, a native of Mentz, but settled at Strasburg. He is supposed to have conceived the idea before 1440, and to have spent the next ten years in making attempts at carrying it into effect, which one asserts him to have done in short fugitive pieces, actually printed from his moveable wooden characters before 1450. But of the existence of these there

seems to be no evidence. Gutenberg's priority is disputed by those who deem Lawrence Costar, of Haarlem, the real inventor of the art. According to a tradition, which seems not to be traced beyond the middle of the sixteenth century, but resting afterwards upon sufficient testimony to prove its local reception, Costar substituted moveable for fixed letters as early as 1430; and some have believed that a book called *Speculum humane Salvationis*, of very rude wooden characters, proceeded from the Haarlem press before any other that is generally recognized. The tradition adds, that an unfaithful servant having fled with the secret, set up for himself at Strasburg or Mentz; and this treachery was originally ascribed to Gutenberg or Fust, but seems, since they have been manifestly cleared of it, to have been laid on one Gensfleisch, reputed to be the brother of Gutenberg. The evidence, however, as to this, is highly precarious; and even if we were to admit the claims of Costar, there seems no fair reason to dispute that Gutenberg might also have struck out an idea, that surely did not require any extraordinary ingenuity, and which left the most important difficulties to be surmounted, as they undeniably were, by himself and his co-adjuvants.

"It is agreed by all, that about 1450, Gutenberg, having gone to Mentz, entered into partnership with Fust, a rich merchant of that city, for the purpose of carrying the invention into effect, and that Fust supplied him with considerable sums of money. The subsequent steps are obscure. According to a passage in the *Annales Hirsingenses* of Trithemius, written sixty years afterwards, but on the authority of a grandson of Peter Schaeffer, their assistant in the work, it was about 1452 that the latter brought the art to perfection, by devising an easier mode of casting types. This passage has been interpreted, according to a lax construction, to mean, that Schaeffer invented the method of casting types in a matrix; but seems more strictly to mean, that we owe to him the great improvement in letter-casting, namely, the punches of engraved steel, by which the matrices or moulds are struck, and without which, independent of the economy of labour, there could be no perfect uniformity of shape. Upon the former supposition, Schaeffer may be reckoned the main inventor of the art of printing; for moveable wooden letters, though small books may possibly have been printed by means of them, are so inconvenient, and letters of cut metal so expensive, that few great works were likely to have passed through the press, till cast types were employed. Van Praet, however, believes the psalter of 1457 to have been printed from wooden characters; and some have conceived letters of cut metal to have been employed both in that and in the first Bible. Lambinet, who thinks 'the essence of the art of printing is in the engraved punch,' naturally gives the chief credit to Schaeffer; but this is not the more usual opinion."

In 1469 this wonderful art was introduced into France. The first press in Italy was at the monastery of Subiaco, in the Apennines; and the first book was either the Grammar of Donatus, or an edition of Lactantius—the latter appeared in 1465. In 1467 Rome had a press; in 1469 Venice had one; and Milan either in the same year or the following. Before the close of 1470 no fewer than eighty-two books had issued from the presses of Italy. It must, not, however, be supposed that Greek types were used so early; in 1476 a Greek Grammar was printed. Printing was not so early in England as in Italy or France:—

"We come now to our own Caxton, who finished a translation into English of his *Recueil des Histoires de Troye*, by order of Margaret duchess of Burgundy, at Cologne, in September 1471. It was probably printed there the next year. But soon afterwards he came to England with the instruments of his art; and in 1474, his *Game of Chess*, a slight and short performance, is supposed to have been the first specimen of English typography. In almost every year from this time to his death in 1483, Caxton continued to publish those volumes which are the delight of our collectors. The earliest of his editions bearing a date in England, is the '*Dictes and Sayings*,' a translation by Lord Rivers, from a Latin compilation, and published in 1477. In a literary history it

should be observed, that the Caxton publications are more adapted to the general than the learned reader, and indicate, upon the whole, but a low state of knowledge in England. A Latin translation, however, of Aristotle's *ethics* was printed at Oxford in 1479."

The first book printed in Spain bears the date of Valencia, 1474.

Whatever may be the admiration with which the writings of the men who endeavoured to imitate the classic models of antiquity have been regarded, we of the nineteenth century are beginning to grow wiser. If we do not despise mere words, we do not consider their use and collocation as the only wisdom; we value them only as they are "signs of things." On the merits of Poggio, Politian, and a host besides, much useless learning has been expended: in fact, one single man of creative genius—a Boiardo or an Ariosto—is greater than the aggregate of all the pedants who, from the beginning of the fifteenth to the middle of the seventeenth century, endeavoured to hide their poverty of knowledge by Ciceronian phrases. Mr. Hallam has dwelt too long on this barren theme. That the fifteenth century, however, little as may be its merit in respect to original composition, was one of surprising intellectual activity, especially when we consider the difficulties with which the infant art of multiplying books had to contend, is evident:—

"The bibliographies, indeed, even the best and latest, are always imperfect; but the omissions, after the immense pains bestowed on the subject, can hardly be such as to affect our general conclusions. We will therefore illustrate the literary history of the fifteenth century by a few numbers taken from the topographical annals of Panzer, which might be corrected in two ways; first, by adding editions since brought to light, or secondly, by striking out some inserted on defective authority; a kind of mistake which tends to compensate the former. The books printed at Florence down to 1500 are 300; at Milan, 629; at Bologna, 298; at Rome, 925; at Venice, 2835; fifty other Italian cities had printing presses in the fifteenth century. At Paris, the number of books is 751; at Cologne, 530; at Nuremberg, 382; at Leipsic, 351; at Basle, 320; at Strasburg, 326; at Augsburg, 256; at Louvain, 116; at Mentz, 134; at Deventer, 169. The whole number printed in England appears to be 141; whereof 130 at London and Westminster; seven at Oxford; four at Saint Alban's. Cicero's works were first printed entire by Minutianus, at Milan, in 1498; but no less than 291 editions of different portions appeared in the century. Thirty-seven of these bear date on this side of the Alps; and forty-five have no place named. Of ninety-five editions of Virgil, seventy are complete; twenty-seven are cisalpine, and four bear no date. On the other hand, only eleven out of fifty-seven editions of Horace contain all his works. It has been already shown, that most editions of classics printed in France and Germany are in the last decennium of the century.

"The editions of the Vulgate registered in Panzer are ninety-one, exclusive of some spurious or suspected. Next to theology, no science furnished so much occupation to the press as the civil and canon laws. The editions of the digest and decretals, or other parts of those systems of jurisprudence, must amount to some hundreds."

In this kind of illustrative matter Mr. Hallam is more happy than he is in criticism. Few readers will be disposed to concur in his opinion of Ariosto (p. 421),—fewer still will agree with what he says of Raymund Lully, one of the strongest and most acute original thinkers of the Middle Ages.—But these defects are compensated by the information laboriously and, in general, judiciously collected, relative to the state of literature at particular periods.—Our country was not so forward in the study of Greek, or at least in the multiplication of Greek books, as those on the Continent. We hear of no Greek types employed by our printers until 1521—forty

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years at least after they had been used in Spain. In other respects, we had not the same emulation as other people. In 1540 we had printed very few even of the Latin authors, and these rather for students than for the learned. Scotland, however, was much worse; for at the middle of the sixteenth century she had only printed seven books, not one of which was a classical author, or even a grammar. Yet, in England, there must have been a rapid proficiency; for if Ascham is to be followed, or Erasmus believed, the number of Greek scholars towards the close of the last Henry's reign was very considerable. Even royalty, as we all know, was, after his death, respectfully imbued with classical knowledge. According to old Roger, Edward VI., young as he was, read the Ethics of Aristotle in the original. Mary was also a proficient in that language; and her Latin letters are highly prized by Erasmus. Perhaps in the eulogium passed on Elizabeth by her tutor her acquirements are greatly exaggerated; surely there must have been more than four scholars "in college," if not "in court," superior to her in Greek: there can, however, be no doubt that she was an extraordinary woman. The example was sure to have imitators; Lady Jane Grey, though the most illustrious, was by no means the only female scholar even at court.

There is great justice in the intellectual character which Mr. Hallam gives of Luther:—

"In the history of the Reformation, Luther is incomparably the greatest name. We see him, in the skilful composition of Robertson, the chief figure of a group of gowmsmen, standing in contrast on the canvass with the crowned rivals of France and Austria, and their attendant warriors, but blended in the unity of that historic picture. This amazing influence on the revolutions of his own age, and on the opinions of mankind, seems to have produced, as is not unnatural, an exaggerated notion of his intellectual greatness. It is admitted on all sides, that he wrote his own language with force and purity; and he is reckoned one of its best models. The hymns in use with the Lutheran church, many of which are his own, possess a simple dignity and devoutness, never, probably, excelled in that class of poetry, and alike distinguished from the poverty of Sternhold or Brady, and from the meretricious ornament of later writers. But, from the Latin works of Luther few readers, I believe, will rise without disappointment. Their intemperance, their coarseness, their inelegance, their scurrility, their wild paradoxes, that menace the foundations of religious morality, are not compensated, so far at least as my slight acquaintance with them extends, by much strength or acuteness, and still less by any impressive eloquence. Some of his treatises, and we may instance his reply to Henry VIII., or the book 'against the falsely-named order of bishops,' can be described as little else than bellowing in bad Latin. Neither of these books display, as far as I can judge, any striking ability. It is not to be imagined, that a man of his vivid parts fails to perceive an advantage in that close grappling, sentence by sentence, with an adversary, which fills most of his controversial writings; and in scornful irony he had no superior. His epistle to Erasmus, prefixed to the treatise *De servo arbitrio*, is bitterly insolent in terms as civil as he could use. But the clear and comprehensive line of argument, which enlightens the reader's understanding, and resolves his difficulties, is always wanting. An unbounded dogmatism, resting on an absolute confidence in the infallibility, practically speaking, of his own judgment, pervades his writings; no indulgence is shown, no pause allowed, to the hesitating; whatever stands in the way of his decisions, the fathers of the church, the schoolmen and philosophers, the canons and councils, are swept away in a current of impetuous declamation; and as every thing contained in Scripture, according to Luther, is easy to be understood, and can only be understood in his sense, every deviation from his doctrine incurs the anathema of perdition. Jerome, he says, far from being rightly canonised, must, but for some special grace, have been damned for his interpretation of St. Paul's epistle to

the Romans. That the Zwinglians, as well as the whole church of Rome, and the Anabaptists, were shut out by their tenets from salvation, is more than insinuated in numerous passages of Luther's writings. Yet he had passed himself through several changes of opinion. In 1518, he rejected auricular confession; in 1520, it was both useful and necessary; not long afterwards, it was again laid aside. I have found it impossible to reconcile, or to understand, his tenets concerning faith and works; and can only perceive, that, if there be any reservation in favour of the latter, not merely sophistical, of which I am hardly well convinced, it consists in distinctions too subtle for the people to apprehend. These are not the oscillations of the balance in a calm understanding, conscious of the difficulty which so often attends the estimate of opposite presumptions, but alternate gusts of dogmatism, during which, for the time, he was as tenacious of his judgment as if it had been uniform."

But we must conclude both our extracts and our comments. That the book contains much curious and useful information, is indisputable. Its chief value arises, not so much from the justice of the criticisms, though they are respectable enough, as from the diligence with which isolated facts have been collected. We do not, however, consider it as likely to increase the fame of the author: it will occupy a place in every good library, but it will not be generally read. In how many volumes the work is to be comprised, we are not informed; but if the same scale be observed, three more will be required to complete it. The more the better: for want of due space many parts of the present volume are contracted, to the manifest disadvantage alike of the subject and of the book.

The Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

[Second Notice.]

WE recur, according to our promise, to the works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

The names of Lady Mary, and of Horace Walpole, are, by their talents, their station in society, their wit, and their acquaintance (we fear we dare not call it friendship) with wits, so completely "two for a pair," that the one name seems naturally to suggest the other, and we shall commence our extracts, by introducing to our readers a legitimate, though a *natural* Aunt of Horace. We take this passage from the introductory anecdotes, and our readers must acknowledge that it is told in a style worthy of a Walpole:—

"The most interesting of the narratives was a story of her early companion Dolly Walpole, (as she always called her,)—according to her description a beautiful, innocent, well-meaning girl, but endowed with only a moderate portion of sense; giddy, thoughtless, vain, open to flattery, utterly ignorant of the world; in short, though not capable of acting wrong designedly, just the person, if we may use the vulgar tongue, to get often into scrapes. Her eldest brother, then Mr. Walpole, had brought her to London in hopes that her beauty, the pride of his country, might captivate something superior to a Norfolk squire. But being immersed in politics, and careless of what passed at home, he left her to the guidance of his wife, an empty, coquettish, affected woman, anything rather than correct in her own conduct, or spotless in her fame; greedy of admiration, and extremely dissatisfied at having to share it with this younger fair inmate. In spite of her envious machinations, lovers soon crowded round Dolly, and one of the number presently obtained the preference he languished for. He had all manner of good qualities, was handsome, pleasing, as passionately in love as romance could have required, and heir to a competent fortune; but not altogether his own master: he depended upon his friends. A young man's friends, in this sense, meaning parents, guardians, old uncles, and the like, are rarely propitious to love. As no second sight revealed to them the long glories of Sir Robert Walpole's reign, they looked solely to a matter nearer at hand.—Dolly's portion; and finding that *null*, entered their protest in a determined

manner. Mrs. Walpole triumphed; she told tales; made mischief, incited Dolly to flirt with other admirers, and then lamented her fickleness and coquetry to the very people who, she knew, would be sure to speed the lament onward with no favourable comments. Lady Mary took to herself the credit of having been all this while her simple friend's protecting genius; of having often counteracted Mrs. Walpole, and sometimes unmasked her; given Dolly the best advice, and cleared up the misunderstandings between her and her lover that continually arose from jealousy on one side and indiscretion on the other. The story proceeded like its fellows in the Scudery folios, with *ins and outs* and *ups and downs*, more than can be remembered; but the sequel was, that the suitor, either inconstant or disgusted, finally withdrew from the chase, and the nymph remained disappointed and forsaken. Just at this unlucky moment, Lady Mary Pierrepont being absent at Thoresby, poor Dolly's evil star prevailed, and, while her mind was in that depressed, mortified state which makes us thankful to anybody who will give us so much as a kind look, led her into acquaintance with Lady Wharton, the very worst protectress she could acquire—a woman equally unfeeling and unprincipled; flattering, fawning, canting, affecting prudery and even sanctity, yet in reality as abandoned and unscrupulous as her husband himself.—So said the journal.

"It is worth noting that Lady Mary Wortley, who abhorred the very name of Dean Swift should yet have spoken of both Lord and Lady Wharton precisely as he did. The portraits were so alike that one might have been believed a copy of the other. To be sure, she was (in Doctor Johnson's phrase) almost as 'good a hater' as the dean himself, and the diary proved it by certain passages relating to Queen Anne, Mrs. Masham, and also to persons obnoxious to her for private reasons: but neither private nor public operated against Lord Wharton, with whom she had had no quarrel, who was intimate with her family and on the same side with her in party; therefore she probably only echoed the general voice in pronouncing him 'the most profligate, impious, and shameless of men.' Dolly Walpole, however, knowing nothing of any one's character, felt elated at being caressed and courted by so great and good a lady as the Countess of Wharton, told her all her secrets, and complained to her of all her grievances. The result was, that after one of these confidential conversations, when Mrs. Walpole had done something particularly spiteful, and Mr. Walpole happened to be out of town, Lady Wharton pressed the poor girl to leave his house for a few days and pass them in hers, where she should enjoy comfort and tranquillity. Dolly consented with joy, not in the least aware that there could be any objection; and Mrs. Walpole made none, because perfectly well aware, and secretly exulting in what she knew likely to follow.

"Now, as Lady Mary proceeded to state, Lord Wharton's character was so infamous, and his lady's complaisant subservency so notorious, that no young woman could be four-and-twenty hours under their roof with safety to her reputation. Dean Swift says nothing much stronger than this. Upon Mr. Walpole's return home, enraged at finding whither his sister had betaken herself, he flew to Lord Wharton's, and, thundering for admittance, demanded her aloud, regardless who might hear him. My lord, not at all inclined to face him in this temper, thought it safest to abscond; so, crept privately out of his own house by a back-door, leaving my lady to bide the pelting of the storm, pitiless as it threatened to prove. Sir Robert, it is well known, was at no time apt to be over delicate or ceremonious: he accented her ladyship in the plainest English, bestowed upon her some significant epithets, and, without listening to a word of explanation, forced away his weeping sister, with whom he set out for Norfolk the next morning.

"Thus ended the first chapter of Dolly's adventures; but she was not doomed to be finally unfortunate. After doing penance for two or three years in a very dull retirement, she had the good luck to light upon a more capital prize in the country than she had ever aimed at in London, the person being Lord Townshend, one of the most unblemished statesmen and respectable gentlemen of that age. Foreign employments had kept him abroad until

Queen Anne's change of ministry, and since that he had been a long and sincere mourner for his first wife, the sister of Lord Pelham. Dolly was to him therefore a new beauty, no tattle concerning whom had ever reached his ears. Falling in love at once, he proposed, she accepted, and the news prompted Lady Mary to sit down and write her history."

The foregoing anecdote is long, but it is a biography,—a co-operative biography, for it hits off not only the dear Dolly, but Sir Robert Walpole in his haughtiness, and Lord Townshend, Anne's unblemished and respectable minister. Why cannot we have history and biography ground, or compressed, or distilled down to a paste or an essence,—like potted beef, patent soup, or dissolute cayenne! Perhaps the fault of Lord Wharnccliffe's Introductory Preface is that of an over-wrought conciseness and abrupt smartness. Instead of confining himself to an agreeable piece of continuous biography, he breaks into the refined narrator of witticisms, plesantries, and incidental anecdotes; in fact, he becomes the Lord Chesterfield of Joe Millers!

The passage that throws a light upon the letters from the East—those letters so cavilled at, so admired, so questioned, so loved, though long, must be given:—

"It has been already said that the volumes containing Lady Mary Wortley's journal while in Turkey were among those which Lady Bute trusted one of her family to peruse alone. This portion of her diary was retained some time, compared with the printed letters, and examined with very great attention. It proved, as far as what we may call a negative can be proved, that the story, so generally prevalent, of Lady Mary's having had admittance into the Seraglio, was totally false and groundless. In those pages intended to meet no eye but her own,—where, as in the preceding volumes, every event was set down day by day, every day accounted for, however briefly, every place she went to specified,—not one word denoted, not a mysterious or ambiguous expression left the least room to surmise, that she had ever set her foot within the walls of the Sultan's palace, either at Adrianople or Constantinople; nay, that she had ever sought to do it, or ever thought of it as a thing practicable. The respectable gentleman who edited her works in 1803, was no way to blame for having adopted a notion which he found commonly received by the world; yet it would appear strange, if we did not know the power of prejudice, that his prepossessions on the subject could make him fancy he saw in the printed letters, which had lain so long under every body's eyes, what was not there. 'Many people (he says) were at first inclined to doubt the possibility of her acquiring the kind of information she has given respecting the interior of the Harem;—respecting which, the *Royal Harem*, she has given no information of any kind, excepting what she obtained from the Sultana Hafiten. Nobody can doubt the possibility of one person's hearing what another says; and her words are, 'I did not omit the opportunity of learning all I possibly could about the Seraglio, which is so entirely unknown among us.' In none of her letters, saving that where this visit is described, does she so much as mention, or allude to, the interior of the Seraglio. At Adrianople she writes, 'The Seraglio does not seem a very magnificent palace; but the gardens are large, plentifully supplied with water, and full of trees; which is all I know of them, never having been in them.' Again, at Constantinople; 'I have taken care to see as much of the Seraglio as is to be seen;—it is a palace of prodigious extent, but very irregular. The gardens take in a large compass of ground, full of high cypress-trees; which is all I know of them.' Do not these two paragraphs say the self-same thing? viz. that she knew nothing of either building but the outside? Yet this note is appended to the latter: 'It is evident that Lady Mary did not mean to assert that she had seen the interior of the Seraglio at Constantinople. She had certainly seen that at Adrianople!!!'

"But let us hear the testimony of the natives; first taking into our account the wide difference of their position in the beginning and at the close of the last century. Mr. Wortley's embassy found the

Turks in full power and pride. Their arms had driven the Venetians out of Greece. Peter the Great of Russia, hemmed in with his whole army by that of the Grand Vizier, had been reduced to buy the permission of making a safe retreat. The hero of Europe, Charles the Twelfth, had become their supplicant, their pensioner, and, finally, their captive. At that period they disdained to send ambassadors to any foreign court, and affected to regard those sent to them, either as mere commercial agents, or as the bearers of homage from their respective sovereigns. In 1799, we saw a Turkish ambassador smoking his pipe in the garden of Portman Square. The Ottoman empire, curtailed, humbled, dejected, despoiled of whole provinces by Russia, about to have the fairest of those remaining wrested from it by Buonaparte, was lying, 'like a sick fallen beast,' at the feet of England. Was this a time for the Porte to refuse a favour which it had freely granted in its happier days? Yet, when the English ambassador asked leave to visit the ladies of the Seraglio, it was peremptorily denied, as contrary to the fundamental rules of their monarchy.

"The customs of the East are known to be unchangeable, and more respected by the oriental nations than our laws by us. The usage debarring any foreign minister's wife from entering the Royal Harem, was of this nature; held too sacred for the Grand Signior himself to infringe. Lady Mary Wortley's example being pleaded, the Turks, male and female, laughed at the story as a ridiculous fable, invented by some one grossly ignorant of their manners; and declared that if she herself said she was ever in the Seraglio of Achmet the Third, she told a falsehood which only Frankish credulity could believe. Shortly afterwards, on the news of our success in Egypt, the Valida, or queen-mother, by an act of condescension till then unknown, consented to give the ambassador an audience,—but not within the Seraglio, that could not be. She removed for the purpose into a palace of her own, quite apart from it, and there the ceremony passed.

"The belief which these impartial judges laughed to scorn, did, as they said, take its rise from a fable; an absurd, but also a malicious tale, fabricated some time after Lady Mary's return to England. She alludes to it with contempt in a letter written from Florence, and imputes its invention to the malignity of Pope; whether justly or not, is nothing to our present purpose. This letter being one of those published in an additional volume in 1767, and rejected in the edition of 1803, from a doubt of their authenticity, it may be proper to state why they are reprinted here. In Lady Bute's life-time, a person who had heard that there was such a doubt, yet thought their style and spirit spoke them genuine, begged her to decide the question. She sent for the book, and, after turning over half a dozen pages, exclaimed, 'Genuine beyond all dispute; a sentence she confirmed as she went on, saying of one letter in particular, 'I am as sure my mother wrote this as if I had seen the pen in her hand.'"

Quitting the Introduction (from which we have taken two acres of extracts), we shall at once come to the two great mysteries in the life of Lady Mary: we mean, the quarrel with Pope; for from all we see, love from him, or from any body else towards her, could be no mystery; and the separation from Mr. Wortley, which from her return to England in 1762, only one year after his death, appears in her ladyship to have amounted to a banishment from the country. And first as to Pope.

That Pope loved Lady Mary more than he loved any human being, not even excepting Martha Blount, we firmly believe. She was a devotee to his intellect: slightly to vary an old poet's words,

He loved her person, she his mind.

When the collision came, the shock was fatal. The lady, with the malice of wit and vanity, was ludicrously alarmed at the fire she had kindled, in a person like that of Pope; and he sank into satire, in self-disgust, and the bitterness of rejection. It has been said, that the letters of Pope are cold, formal, studied, and classical. The last word accounts for all. Milton in Lycidas

wept classic tears; and Pope in his friendship and affections, tinted his letters with those learned hues, which his mind had caught from his severer and favourite studies. As well might Lady Mary be murmured against, for that many of her letters are "of the East, Eastern,"—as well may the grovelling writer, the worm of literature, be reviled, for that it is "of the earth, earthy!" The quarrel between Lady Mary and Pope, genius and human nature properly considered, is as flimsy a mystery as we can call to mind. As Sir Lucius says, "it is a very pretty quarrel as it stands," and critics and biographers, from their day to the present, appear, like Irish friends, to have taken a lively interest in steering clear of natural explanation, and of not making it up!

The separation of Lady Mary from her husband, though not accounted for by documentary or traditional evidence, is also resolved, and clearly resolved, by a mere consideration of the workings of human nature. Mr. Wortley, as a lover, was a formal diplomatist. He went about his business like a gentleman connected with the Foreign Office; affectionate, but official,—demi-semi-passionate, but ultra-prudent; touched with the prophetic fondness of what he ultimately became, a lord of the Treasury,—his reasoning and cautious powers were in work, and could be consulted at any hour; his tenderness was only open from ten till two! Lady Mary loved him, and, by the light of her own passion and genius, illuminated into a lover this formal, sensible, conscientious individual. They married, and with marriage came disappointment on both sides. The poetical light faded away from the husband, as the glow-worm becomes a lustreless speck at the hand's touch; and the wife sank, in the chill of unrequited devotion, and was revived, but by the sal-volatile and burnt feathers of fashion, poetry, wit, and gaiety! Both, however, fortunately for themselves and for the world, were persons of admirable sense and discretion. They knew themselves and knew each other; and feeling, with a sincere respect, for the worth of each, there can be no doubt that they determined upon an affectionate separation—an effectual separation: he was bound by his government connexions to England; she was from youth addicted to travel, and a love of pleasure and change. Thus they were enabled to infuse their affection into the intellect, and thenceforth, to use the jargon of the lawyers, "whatever communications they had to make to each other, were made without prejudice, and in writing." We have endeavoured, as briefly as possible, to tear a page out of the work on 'Natural Magic,'—to account simply for this long-standing, worrying brace of mysteries.

We shall now, as well as our space will permit, come to the agreeable volumes,—give all the extract we can by possibility squeeze in, say a word or two upon the editor, and take our leave of the authoress.

The first extract, though an old acquaintance, which we shall introduce to our readers, is one of Lady Mary's exquisitely sensible letters to Mr. Wortley, written in a youthful age, when, in the female heart, prudence so seldom broods over passion. Do such letters ever pass between unmarried girls and gentlemen in these our days! or has such a letter ever passed 'twixt man and youthful woman since the time when the charming Montagu was a Pierrepont!

"To E. W. Montagu, Esq.

"I have this minute received your two letters. I know not how to direct to you, whether to London, or the country; or if in the country, to Durham, or Wortley. 'Tis very likely you'll never receive this. I hazard a great deal if it falls into other hands, and I wrote for all that. I wish with all my soul I thought as you do; I endeavour to convince myself by your arguments, and am sorry my reason is so obstinate,

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not to be deluded into an opinion, that 'tis impossible a man can esteem a woman. I suppose I should then be very easy at your thoughts of me; I should thank you for the wit and beauty you give me, and not be angry at the follies and weaknesses; but, to my infinite affliction, I can believe neither one nor t'other. One part of my character is not so good, nor t'other so bad, as you fancy it. Should we ever live together, you would be disappointed both ways; you would find an easy equality of temper you do not expect, and a thousand faults you do not imagine. You think if you married me, I should be passionately fond of you one month, and of somebody else the next: neither would happen. I can esteem, I can be a friend, but I don't know whether I can love. Expect all that is complaisant and easy, but never what is fond, in me. You judge very wrong of my heart, when you suppose me capable of views of interest, and that any thing could oblige me to flatter any body. Was I the most indigent creature in the world, I should answer you as I do now, without adding or diminishing. I am incapable of art, and 'tis because I will not be capable of it. Could I deceive one minute, I should never regain my own good opinion; and who could bear to live with one they despised?

"If you can resolve to live with a companion that will have all the deference due to your superiority of good sense, and that your proposals can be agreeable to those on whom I depend, I have nothing to say against them.

"As to travelling, 'tis what I should do with great pleasure, and could easily quit London upon your account; but a retirement in the country is not so disagreeable to me, as I know a few months would make it tiresome to you. Where people are tied for life, 'tis their mutual interest not to grow weary of one another. If I had all the personal charms that I want, a face is too slight a foundation for happiness. You would be soon tired with seeing every day the same thing. Where you saw nothing else, you would have leisure to remark all the defects; which would increase in proportion as the novelty lessened, which is always a great charm. I should have the displeasure of seeing a coldness, which, though I could not reasonably blame you for, being involuntary, yet it would render me uneasy; and the more, because I know a love may be revived, which absence, inconstancy, or even infidelity, has extinguished; but there is no returning from a *dégoût* given by satiety.

"I should not chuse to live in a crowd: I could be very well pleased to be in London, without making a great figure, or seeing above eight or nine agreeable people. Apartments, table, &c. are things that never come into my head. But I will never think of any thing without the consent of my family, and advise you not to fancy a happiness in entire solitude, which you would find only fancy.

"Make no answer to this, if you can like me on my own terms. 'Tis not to me you must make the proposals: if not, to what purpose is our correspondence?

"However, preserve me your friendship, which I think of with a great deal of pleasure, and some vanity. If ever you see me married, I flatter myself you'll see a conduct you would not be sorry your wife should imitate. M. P."

The following is not graphic—it is picturesque—it peoples the *Mall*! and the note to Mrs. Lowther in pale pink, is not be resisted.

"I am yet in this wicked town, but purpose to leave it as soon as the parliament rises. Mrs. Murray and all her satellites have so seldom fallen in my way, I can say little about them. Your old friend Mrs. Lowther is still fair and young, and in pale pink every night in the parks; but after being highly in favour, poor I am in utter disgrace, without my being able to guess wherefore, except she fancied me the author or abettor of two vile ballads written on her dying adventure, which I am so innocent of that I never saw it. *A propos* of ballads, a most delightful

† Mrs. Lowther was a respectable woman, single, and, as it appears by the text, not willing to own herself middle-aged. Another lady happened to be sitting at breakfast with her when an awkward country lad, new in her service, brought word that "there was one as begged to speak to her."—"What is his name?"—"Don't know."—"What sort of person? a gentleman?"—"Can't say rightly."—"Go and ask him his business."—The fellow returned grinning.

ful one is said or sung in most houses about our dearly beloved plot, which had been laid first to Pope, and secondly to me, when God knows we have neither of us wit enough to make it."

We had forgot the poems—and we cannot now spare room for extract,—but the ballad of 'The Lover,' and the parody on Rowe's ballad, entitled by Lady Mary 'The Bride in the Country,' are compositions of humour, tenderness, and melody, not to be surpassed. Some of her translations are good, but, compared with what we have selected, we hold them as nothing worth, and, in the language of Kirke White, "cast aside the learned sheet."

Lord Wharnccliffe, the noble and intelligent editor, has done his work with zeal and ability. It perhaps would have been better if he had less attempted the *Lady-Maryisms* in his introduction, and reduced into dispassionate truth the deformed biography of Mr. Dalloway. The attempt chronologically to arrange the letters is the highest duty of an editor, and to this his Lordship has carefully, and with much of difficulty, devoted himself. He has evidently, in himself, a deep love and respect for this ancient honour of his house, the "witty Montagu," and claims the regard and consideration of criticism. We shall, therefore, not venture upon trivial corrections or suggestions, except to recommend that, in a second edition, the names of the persons mentioned, given by initials and explained by notes in the present one, be filled up in the text. We thank him, however, for his devotion to the cause. It is odd, that, in 1714, Lady Mary leaves *Wharnccliffe* with tender regret, and becomes the wit and beauty at St. James's; scarcely more than a century passes, and *Wharnccliffe* returns to her to do homage to the very departed wit and beauty. Lady Mary's is certainly become a magic name! What associations are linked with the name of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu! She lived in Horace Walpole's street, Arlington Street, and knew him at Florence,—chatted with wise, simple "Johnny Gay,"—was hated by Swift (an honour shared by her with a wide circle of her sex),—advised that religious epigrammatist Dr. Young (a sort of *Day-and-Martin* poet, a combination of light, darkness, and polish) in the alterations of his cumbrous tragedies,—assisted the inspired miscreant Savage,—fought for beauty, under beauty's sweet banner, her own countenance, by being the first to introduce inoculation to English mankind,—was "flattered, followed, sought, and sued" by Pope,—courted by Congreve (or why her exquisite song of 'The Lover?'),—was second cousin to Fielding!—passed a life in that city of carnivals and canals, Venice, the *watering-place* of poetry!—and bequeathed to posterity as much wit as ever flashed from female brain, and as much mystery in herself (the darkness of time and men aiding it) as well entitles her to take her stand as a petticoat *Junius*. Such, and so associated, was Lady Mary Wortley Montagu!

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Zulneida, a Tale of Sicily, by the author of 'The White Cottage.'—We have often thought, that if Europe still contain one unspoiled spot for the uses of the romancer, it was to be found in Sicily—not remembering anything in fiction concerning its glorious climate, its noble ruins, or "the shell of gold"—newer than the days of Anne Radcliffe. The author

"Why madam, he says as how—he says he is—"—"Well, what does he say, fool?"—"He says he is one as dies for your ladyship."—"Dies for me?" exclaimed the lady, the more incensed from seeing her friend inclined to laugh as well as her footman,—"Was there ever such a piece of insolence! Turn him out of my house this minute. And hark ye, shut the door in his face." The clown obeyed; but going to work more roughly than John Bull will ever admit of, produced a scuffle that disturbed the neighbours and called in the constable. At last the audacious lover driven to explain himself proved nothing worse than an honest tradesman, a dyer, whom her ladyship often employed to refresh her old gowns.

of 'The White Cottage,' therefore, had the advantage of unbroken ground,—and though he has not used it as he might have done, he has still produced a work which has its attractions. Its merit lies in description and accumulation of interest: the heroine, Zulneida, a black-browed and bright-eyed Mohammedan, being in the high way to marriage with more than half the men in the book—and only converted and disposed of in the last ten pages. Nor are the other ladies—Livia, Margarita, or even the black-eyed waiting-maid, Neriochi, less actively engaged: in short, the game of hide-and-seek, of plots, schemes, and love adventures, is played with spirit throughout by the whole of the *dramatis personæ*, which include, of course, an injured and half-crazed sibil, a rapacious and insolent noble (Caberra), and a Benedictine, Eugenio, who is universally admitted by the ladies to be too handsome for his profession. Antonio, with his laugh and his love for dogs, and the simplicity with which he allows himself to be entrapped into matrimony by the artful Neriochi, is the nearest approach to a creation the author has made. The story is laid at the end of the thirteenth century, when the island fell under the dominion of the house of Arragon, and the sway of Maria, daughter of Frederick III., and Martino, her own cousin, and nephew to the King of Arragon: but besides the names of these great personages, and an occasional description of costume, it has no pretensions to being called an historical novel,—for this we like it none the less.

La Hogue Bie de Hambie, &c., a tradition of Jersey, by James Bulkeley, Esq. 2 vols.—The Tale, or Tradition, might have run a fair race with other tales and traditions, had it not been forced to carry weight, and weight that would have oppressed an elephant, in the shape of notes, historical, genealogical, and topographical, to the extent of two-thirds at least of the whole work. In fact, the tale might pass current with one class of readers, and the notes be acceptable to another and totally distinct class; but we cannot conceive that any natural appetite could enjoy both.

The Pictorial Bible.—Vol. I.—The general design of this work is excellent, and many of the engravings are, as wood-cuts, admirable. We are not convinced that such copies, even of the finest works, have any tendency to diffuse a knowledge of art, but they serve to impress the subject on the mind of young persons, and so far have their use; and the other illustrations, together with the notes on natural history, antiquities, geography, costume, &c. are most valuable. On the whole, we have not often seen a work which we could more cordially recommend to the public.

List of New Books.—Anderson (Rev. Robert) on the Beatitudes, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Adam's Life and Expositions of the Four Gospels, 2 vols. 8vo. 21s. cl.—Falkner, by Mrs. Shelley, author of 'Frankenstein,' &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—Cooper's Recollections of Europe, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. bds.—Millingen's Curiosities of Medical Experience, 2 vols. 8vo. 28s. bds.—Switzerland and the South of France, by H. D. Inglis, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Manuel, the Executioner's Daughter, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—Rosette and Miriam, by the Author of 'Emma de Lissau,' 12mo. 6s. cl.—Martin's British Colonial Library, Vol. V. (West Indies, Vol. II.) 6s. cl.—Parliamentary Pocket Companion, 1837, royal 32mo. 4s. swd.—Mosse's Parliamentary Guide, 1837, 18mo. 4s. swd.—The Life of Alcuin, translated from the German, by Jane M. Slee, 12mo. 6s. cl.—Butler's Songs of the Sanctuary, 32mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Duties of Children Explained, by the Rev. J. R. Pearson, 18mo. 1s. cl.—Coglan's German, French, and English Conversations, 18mo. 4s. cl.—Grandineau's Petit Précepteur, sq. 3s. cl.—Carstairs' Art of Writing, 8vo. 7s. cl.—Walker's Games and Sports, 18mo. 9s. roan.—Carpenter's Contemplations on the Church Prayers, 18mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Abbott's Path of Peace; or Practical Guide to Happiness, 32mo. 1s. cl.—Gems of Piety, selected from Christian Authors, 32mo. 3s. cl.; 4s. silk.—The Young Christian's Anecdote Library, (Christian Martyrs), royal 32mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Emma de Lissau, new edit. 12mo. 7s. cl.—Rivoli, by Bulwer, 2nd edit. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—Bell on the Nervous System, 2nd edit. 8vo. 24s. cl.—Abercrombie's (Dr.) Harmony of Christian Faith and Character, new edit. 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Close's Sermons, new edit. Vol. II. 8vo. 12s. bds.—Anderson (Rev. R.) on the Romans, 3rd edit. enlarged, 8vo. 9s. cl.—Walker's Exercises for Ladies, 2nd edit. 18mo. 9s. roan.—Coulson on the Christ, 2nd edit. enlarged, 12mo. 8s. cl.—Hambleton on the Sabbath, 32mo. new edit. 1s. cl.—Jenky on the Extent of the Atonement, new edit. enlarged, post 8vo. 7s. cl.—A Geographical, Statistical, and Commercial Account of the Russian Ports in the Black Sea, 8vo. 2s. 6d. swd.—Martin's Conveyancing, royal 8vo. 12s. bds.—Bridge's (Rev. C.) Memoir of Miss Graham, 5th edit. 12mo. 7s. cl.

HOURLY METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS

Made at Feldhausen, at the Cape of Good Hope, on the 20th, 21st, and 22nd September, 1836,

By SIR JOHN F. W. HERSCHEL.

| No. | Mean time of Observation according to Astronomical reckoning. | Barometer reduced to 32° Fahr. and to the R.S. Standard. | Interpolated Barometer for the exact hours of M. T. | External Thermometers corrected for Zeros. | | Actinometer interpolated for the time in Column 2. | Wind. | | Quantity of Blue Sky. | Weather Captain Beaufort's Abbreviations. | Nocturnal Radiation. | | Temp. at bottom of well. |
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| | | | | Dry. | Wet. | | Direction. | Force. | | | Therm. on factor. | Therm. on Ground. | |
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| 2 | 19 9 | 30.206 | 30.205 | 52.6 | 47.7 | 12.6 | S | 1 | 9 | b v | | | |
| 3 | 20 9 | 30.211 | 30.210 | 56.2 | 47.6 | 22.0 | S | 3 | 9 | b v | | | |
| 4 | 21 9 | 30.215 | 30.214 | 57.7 | 48.7 | 28.0 | S | 4 | 8 | c | | | |
| 5 | 22 9 | 30.197 | 30.200 | 58.7 | 49.3 | 31.7 | S | 3 | 10 | b v | | | |
| 6 | 23 9 | 30.179 | 30.182 | 60.5 | 51.4 | 32.9 | S | 2 | 10 | b v | | | |
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| 9 | 2 10 | 30.130 | 30.132 | 62.25 | 53.3 | 32.5 | S | 3 | 10 | b | | | 58.05 |
| 10 | 3 10 | 30.115 | 30.117 | 61.4 | 53.3 | 31.0 | S | 1 | 10 | b | | | 57.95 |
| 11 | 4 10 | 30.118 | 30.118 | 59.4 | 52.8 | 23.0 | S | 2 | 10 | b | | | |
| 12 | 5 10 | 30.128 | 30.126 | 56.5 | 51.3 | | S | 1 | 10 | b | | | |
| 13 | 6 10 | 30.124 | 30.125 | 54.6 | 50.3 | | S | 1 | 10 | b | | | |
| 14 | 7 10 | 30.120 | 30.121 | 52.5 | 48.6 | | 0 | 0 | 10 | b | | | |
| 15 | 8 11 | 30.118 | 30.119 | 51.7 | 48.5 | | 0 | 0 | 10 | b | | | |
| 16 | 9 11 | 30.110 | 30.111 | 51.5 | 47.3 | | 0 | 0 | 10 | b | | | |
| 17 | 10 11 | 30.090 | 30.093 | 50.2 | 47.3 | | S | 1 | 10 | b | | | |
| 18 | 11 11 | 30.069 | 30.072 | 49.4 | 45.5 | | S? | 0 | 10 | b | 40.76 | 42.45 | |
| 19 | 12 11 | 30.061 | 30.062 | 47.6 | 43.6 | | 0 | 0 | 10 | b | 39.56 | 40.35 | |
| 20 | 13 11 | 30.040 | 30.043 | 47.1 | 43.0 | | 0 | 0 | 10 | b | 39.76 | 40.05 | |
| 21 | 14 11 | 30.020 | 30.023 | 46.5 | 43.0 | | S | 1 | 10 | b | 38.76 | 39.85 | |
| 22 | 15 11 | 30.004 | 30.007 | 45.8 | 42.3 | | 0 | 0 | 10 | b | 38.66 | 39.45 | |
| 23 | 16 12 | 29.991 | 29.993 | 45.5 | 41.4 | | 0 | 0 | 10 | b | 39.66 | 39.85 | |
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| 27 | 20 12 | 30.005 | 30.005 | 60.6 | 55.2 | 24.4 | 0 | 0 | 10 | b | | | |
| 28 | 21 12 | 30.007 | 30.007 | 64.0 | 54.8 | 28.8 | 0 | 0 | 10 | b | | | |
| 29 | 22 12 | 29.999 | 30.000 | 66.9 | 55.5 | 32.7 | 0 | 0 | 10 | b | | | 58.05 |
| 30 | 23 12 | 29.991 | 29.992 | 69.5 | 57.1 | 35.0 | 0 | 0 | 10 | b | | | |
| Sept. 22. | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 31 | 0 13 | 29.975 | 29.978 | 70.5 | 55.3 | 36.7 | 0 | 0 | 10 | b | | | |
| 32 | 1 8 | 29.956 | 29.959 | 72.7 | 56.0 | 35.0 | 0 | 0 | 10 | b | | | |
| 33 | 2 8 | 29.932 | 29.935 | 75.3 | 56.3 | 35.7 | 0 | 0 | 10 | b | | | |
| 34 | 3 6 | 29.927 | 29.927 | 74.5 | 55.8 | 35.0 | 0 | 0 | 10 | b | | | |
| 35 | 4 13 | 29.920 | 29.921 | 71.4 | 57.3 | 27.3 | 0 | 0 | 10 | b | | | |
| 36 | 5 13 | 29.933 | 29.930 | 64.8 | 56.4 | | 0 | 0 | 10 | b | | | |
| 37 | 6 8 | 29.955 | 29.952 | 59.8 | 52.5 | | 0 | 0 | 10 | b | | | 58.05 |

REMARKS ON THE FOREGOING TABLE.

Cols. 2, 3, 4.—The times set down in col. 2, are those obtained by subsequent correction for error and rate of a common pocket watch, unfortunately used during the observations without due examination of its state. The error was noticed during the progress of the observations; but having already proceeded some length, it was thought better to adhere to the integer hours as shown per watch, than to make a sudden break in the series. To obviate as far as possible this inconvenience, in comparing these with Observations at other Stations, col. 4 contains the interpolated heights of the Barometer for exact integer hours of mean time. The Zero correction applied to reduce the readings of the Barometer to the Royal Society's standard has been taken at +0.042; the instrument having undergone a change to the apparent extent of 0.008, since the observations at the June Solstice, for which I am at a loss to account.

Cols. 5, 6.—The Thermometers used for these columns are the same as heretofore, only reduced to standard values by the application of their respective Zero corrections.

Col. 7.—The Actinometer was observed during the whole of both days, from sunrise to its disappearance behind the Table Mountain. Upwards of 200 measures of the Solar Radiation were thus procured on the 21st, and about 130 on the 22nd; the opportunity being remarkably favourable for that object. The whole of each series was then graphically interpolated, (without introducing any theoretical supposition,) and the results of this interpolation, for the exact moments in col. 2, are registered in col. 7, so as to correspond strictly to the times of readings the thermometers. It will be noticed that the maximum of solar radiation precedes that of temperature by full two hours—a result which might be expected from the relation of the phenomena to each other. The details of these observations, which are not a little instructive, will find a place elsewhere.

(*) The Actinometer is made and sold by Robinson, Devonshire-street, Portland-street.

The weather, as will be seen in cols. 8, 11, was, during the whole interval, embraced in these observations, magnificently serene, affording room for little remark beyond this general one. At noon on the 21st, the polarization of the sky light was examined by means of a Polariscop, consisting of a plate of tourmaline, with a crystal of nitre adjusted on the side next the sky. It was strong in all parts of the sky remote from the sun; but chiefly about 3° below the south pole, or 82° from the sun, at which point it seemed to attain its maximum, but continued very intense down to the southern horizon.

The columns 12 and 13, headed Nocturnal Radiation, contain the corrected readings of two similar and equal naked thermometers, by Crichton, having balls about the size of a large pea, the one laid on a bit of black crape on the ground, the other suspended vertically one inch over a polished metallic reflector 19 inches in diameter, and 20 feet in focal length, laid flat on the

ground. Little can be concluded, however, from these observations, which speak no definite language, and undoubtedly afford no sort of measure of the actual loss of heat from the earth's surface by radiation.

Col. 14 contains the temperature of the bottom of a well 23 feet deep, (16 of which were occupied by water). It was taken by a delicate thermometer (one of Crichton's above mentioned), by sinking a thick stone bottle full of water, well stopped, and letting it remain constantly at the bottom, except when rapidly drawn up for the purpose of immersing and reading of the thermometer. The readings are corrected for Zero of the thermometer.

NOTES TO THE OBSERVATIONS.

(References to Numbers in Col. 1.)

1. Cloud along the summit of the Table Range to westward. All clear to E.
2. Splendid morning. Less cloud on the Mountain.
3. Clouds as in last observation.
4. Cloud increased on the Mountain, and occasionally drifting across the sky in cirriform patches.
5. Pure and serene in all quarters. Polarization of sky light very strong.
6. Ditto.
7. Ditto. Polarization a maximum at about 82° from sun, or 2° below south pole; but very strong thence down to the south horizon.
8. The Mountain is dim with a bluish haze.
9. Ditto. Haze strong.
10. Ditto.
11. All details of the Table Mountain obliterated by grey or bluish haze.
12. Sun intercepted by Mountain. Actinometer observations of course discontinued.
13. Superb moonlight evening.
- 14, 15, 16, 17. Ditto.
18. Very slight dew on herbage. Thermometers laid out for night radiation.
- 19, 20, 21, 22, 23. Dew as before, hardly increasing.
24. No apparent reason for this remarkable rise of the thermometers.
25. Magnificent sunrise.
26. Superb sky, calm, and everything most favourable for the Actinometer observations.
- 27, 28, 29, 30, 31. Ditto, ditto. Observed the sun: it has a very large spot in an elliptic form of smaller ones. Diameter of Penumbra by micrometric measure, = 38.4.
- 32, 33, 34, 35. Ditto, ditto.
36. Sun interrupted by the Table Mountain.
37. Evening calm, serene, and delightful.

[We have received some stanzas to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, to which we cannot refuse publication, as they seem to have emanated from a late, though romantic and devoted admirer. In our previous columns, however, we have enlisted ourselves, even in our critical character, in the roll of her true knights.]

LINES TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU, On reading her Works, edited by Lord Wharncliffe.

She was a form of life and light,
That seen, became a part of sight,—
And rose, where'er I turn'd mine eye,
The morning star of memory!—BYRON.

In truth, fair Montagu, I am too fond,
And, therefore, thou mayst think my 'haviour light!—
SHAKESPEARE.

Sweet Lady of the Augustan age
Of English wit and poetry!

How lovely is thy 'passion'd' page—
How orient is thy heart to me!

The Present dies into the Past—
Or the Past brightens into Life:

Thou wert the dearest of thy caste,—
The wit—the woman—and the wife!

A wit—(Pope's Gay) ev'n as a child—
A woman,—aye—at light sixteen;

A wife—impassion'd, lovely, mild,
At that crude age, when Folly's queen!

A mother, in the wealth of youth,
Child-rocking, with a patient knee;

Yet, through thy kind, with daring truth,
Trying a spear at sanity!†

Calumny, that strange reptile, made
Half of the serpent and the worm,

(Poisoning and crawling), strangely play'd
Around thy name,—around thy form:

Thou wert the serpent's venom'd care,—
Spat at as woman—lady—wife;

Oh! Southern calumny should spare
The Eastern heart—the Eastern life!

"What's in a name!"—What?—Garth's a name—
Sweet ballad-Gay's—Arbutnot's one;—

And Pope's another word for Fame!—
And human-hearted Addison;

And Savage, wise though wild,—and Young,
Night-thoughted Young,—and Steele the true,—

And Fielding, loose by Genius flung;—
All,—all lov'd Mary Montagu!

Yes! thou wert lov'd,—but mine's the love
(Thy person 'fused into thy mind),

All thy time's spirits far above,—
Love with his eyes,—not Love the blind!

Awake be every taint and spot,—
Each fiction foil'd, all passion calm'd;

Thy wit alive,—thy whims forgot—
Thou art, bright Wortley! mind-embalm'd!

† Lady Mary ventured inoculation upon her own children.

* I take this opportunity to state that I have no knowledge of, or participation in, the absurdities attributed to me under the name of 'Lunar Discoveries.'

J. F. W. HERSCHEL.

would have been far finer, had the architect been allowed to follow out his original design; and even the screen in front of his house in Lincoln's Inn Fields appeared to us well adapted to the climate and the situation. Of the man, however—of Sir John himself, whom a whole host of *claqueurs* and expectants were ever applauding,—we were never very enthusiastic admirers; we had, indeed, no hope of a legacy, which, we suspect, warped many judgments. His munificence was indeed great, but it was ostentatious; and though the gift of his Museum to the nation was an act worthy of all honour, we cannot but consider that the offer to endow it with 30,000*l.* was one of very questionable morality, when it is remembered that he had children and grandchildren. It may be true that his son or sons had given him just cause of offence, but in proportion to their demerit was the helpless condition of the offending grand-children; and it was not for Sir John to visit the sins of the fathers to the third and fourth generation. Rather would a wise and good man have questioned his own conscience, whether, in a strictly moral point of view, he ought not to consider himself as in some degree responsible for the very errors he condemned—whether, from infirmity of temper or of purpose, or the hurry of an over-active life, he might not have failed to train up his children after the directions of one wiser than most men—and thus, in humbleness of spirit, kept his heart open to charity and forgiveness. In the bill transferring the Museum to the country, it was, we believe, through the considerate humanity of Sir R. Peel, left open to the old man to bequeath his property as he pleased. Let us hope that he relented and forgave, and that our pleasure in receiving his fine collection, now belonging to the country, will be unalloyed.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

WE trust we shall not weary our readers by our endeavours to enforce on public opinion, and thus rouse a spirit that *will* be heard by the government, the absolute necessity of making an attempt to establish an international law of copyright. Surely the fact, that a committee is actually sitting at Paris to consider and report on the subject, and that M. Ancillon, the Prussian minister, has officially announced that his government will second the efforts of the French ministry, to prevent the piracy of French works, ought not to be disregarded. A like communication from the British government would be of immense importance at this moment—not only as giving us a right to have England included in the protecting treaty, should such be concluded, but as strengthening and stimulating the friends of the measure, who are now engaged in the inquiry. And why cannot application be made to the American government, to ascertain its feeling on this important subject? It is utterly impossible that the law can remain as it is. We have now before us a double number of *The Philadelphia News*, of the 26th of November, containing a verbatim reprint, from title-page to colophon, of 'Friendship's Offering'; thus says the editor, giving to the public for four cents, what he could not otherwise procure for less than four dollars! And this, be it observed, is but the first of a series, each to contain an English Annual! We observe too from the advertisements, that eight of Marryatt's novels have been republished after this same fashion, and in the same journal. Is it possible, then, we ask, with such a system in vigorous operation, that more than one copy of any popular work can ever again be sold in America? and yet we have known heretofore, an American bookseller take 500 copies of a single work. As to retaliation, America can never have literature to retaliate on, while this systematic piracy is tolerated. How could a Philadelphia publisher venture to give three or four hundred pounds for the literary contents of an original 'Friendship's Offering,' which he could not sell at a reasonable profit for less than the before-mentioned four dollars, when opposed by those who offer a 'Friendship's Offering' of even higher pretension, and with established prejudices in its favour, at four cents! It certainly is most strange that literary property is the only property which is considered beyond the protection of the law. Neither the government nor people of America would pretend that they were justified in seizing on and appropriating

the worthless paper and print of a single volume of this work; and yet its literary contents, which have cost many hundred pounds, are deemed fair spoil, not only in America, but all over the world.

So far, indeed, as France is concerned, a literary crisis seems fast approaching. Even now, says M. de Balzac, in an able paper in the *Chronique de Paris*, "Books which under the restoration sold 4,000 copies, do not sell more than 1,000, and of those that heretofore sold 1,000, not 300 can be disposed of,"—and why? Because all these works are reprinted in Belgium. Germany, England, America, the Colonies, the whole world, except France itself (and hundreds of copies are sold even there), are thence supplied. We are told that the trade is so profitable, and carried on so extensively, that the Belgian Government would not dare to become parties to the treaty. So be it. The contracting powers would of course prohibit the introduction of even a single copy of such pirated edition into their several states: where then are the purchasers to be found? To what extent the English author is injured by the system, is not so directly capable of proof; but a reasonable guess may be made from the facts stated in regard to America,—from a further and important fact, that our colonies are supplied by the Americans; that even the East Indies are stocked full to overflowing with American reprints; and that a Paris edition of a popular English novel is never under 1,500 copies, frequently, as of Mr. Bulwer's novels, the first impression is from four to five thousand, and that of Mrs. Trollope's 'America' not less than from twelve to fifteen thousand were sold! It has been said, that there are difficulties in the way of any general arrangement. We really cannot divine what they are. Let the author, as now, establish his claim to copyright in his own country; let him at the same time, and prior to publication, deliver at the same office, a copy for each contracting power; and let such copy, with a proper certificate, be forwarded *officially* to the several governments, free by post; and, to save expenses, let the affidavit of the officer in whose custody such certificate and copy are deposited, be received as legal proof in each of the several countries. It were not unreasonable, perhaps, to require that *two* copies should be delivered, and thus an intellectual exchange be made among the different nations, one of them being deposited in the National Public Library. The cost would be trifling, for expensively illustrated works can protect themselves.

We must now turn to matter of more ephemeral interest. The new number of the *Edinburgh Review*, at which we have merely cast a hasty glance, promises well. Its advertising sheet, which used to be a rich storehouse of literary announcements, promises nothing. The only forthcoming work not heretofore mentioned is on 'Educational Reform, and the necessity of a National System of Education,' by Mr. Wise.

We cannot but wonder occasionally, as we pass a certain barred door in the Haymarket, when the Opera is to open,—not a rumour having yet reached us, except that Heberle is to be brought over by the Drury Lane manager in rivalry of Taglioni, in expectation of whose appearance, our contemporaries tell us that Mr. Balfe is at work on a *ballet* opera. We suppose (to return to the King's Theatre) that somewhere about Easter, which, thank our musical stars, comes unusually early this year, the Parisian corps of artists will take diligence and steam-boat, and, as usual, come to us *en masse*. Signor Costa's 'Malek Adhel' seems to have had a Nisirn success, that is, the success which is due to careful writing and exquisite performance: a European success implies something more. The new *contralto*, Madame Albertazzi, is said to have greatly distinguished herself in this opera. The first of the Philharmonic trials took place yesterday week. A symphony by Lachner (a young composer, from whom great things have been expected) was the most important novelty. As we may not hear this again, it may be well to add, that we fancied that a good symphony might be *thinned out* and *abridged* from a work overloaded to confusion, and lengthy to weariness, but still containing new ideas and grand effects. Another novelty was an overture by Ries, which we shall probably hear again, and therefore will spare our criticism. A third, a new (to England) symphony by Onslow. Ere we close this catalogue of musical rumours,

we must notice the paragraphs which are filling the German papers—a positive *poem* to the new *can-tatrice* Mademoiselle Henriette Carl. She is said to be a singer of the grandest school—as remarkable for the quality of her voice, as the intensity of her expression and the purity of her style.

Our northern contemporaries announce the recent death of Dr. Macnish, the "Modern Pythagorean" of the periodicals, and the author of 'The Philosophy of Sleep,' 'The Anatomy of Drunkenness,' and other works, in which curious research was combined with pleasant and profitable speculation. He was called away young. Our rising men of genius are not so numerous, that we can spare any of them without regret.

Ja 28 '37

BRITISH INSTITUTION, FALL MALL.

The GALLERY for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS will be OPENED on MONDAY NEXT, the 29th inst., and continue open daily, from Ten in the morning until Five in the evening. Admission, 1*l.* (Catalogue, 1*l.*) WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 26.—Francis Baily, Esq. V.P. and Treasurer, in the chair.—A paper was read entitled, 'On the structure of the Brain in the Marsupial Animals,' by Richard Owen, Esq. F.R.S. Hunterian Professor of Anatomy to the Royal College of Surgeons.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 23.—Francis Baily, Esq. F.R.S. in the chair. Extracts from several papers were read:—

1st. A letter from Mr. Vice Consul Willshire, at Mogadore, dated Dec. 13, communicating to the Society that he had received letters from Mr. Davidson, dated Nov. 16, at Yeisat, about three days' journey south of Wadnûn; he says, "Every step we have taken we have found the natives better, more liberal, and more hospitable, and although somewhat savage, have yet a nobleness of character, of which there is none at Wadnûn. I am happy to say I have picked up amazingly, and have now no fears for my health." By the latest accounts from Sheikh Beyrûk, Mr. Davidson had left Yeisat eighteen days, and no intelligence of him had been received, which argues favourably for his safety, the greatest danger being upon the borders of the desert, where there are many wandering and warlike tribes. "By New Year's day," adds Mr. Willshire, "I have little doubt the intrepid traveller will be in Timbuctû."

2ndly. A letter from Capt. Alexander, on his way to the Dámaras country from the Cape of Good Hope, dated Lely Fountain, a Missionary station at Kamiesberg, Oct. 15, stating that he was on the following day to start for the Orange River, about 80 miles distant, all his party well and in good spirits.

3rdly. An account of a journey in Syria, in 1835, by Mr. Barker, son of the late British Consul at Alexandria.

The traveller's route was from Beirût to Batrán, over Mount Lebanon to Baalbec, thence to the source of the Orontes, and return by Ainnet to Tripoli, and along the coast to the northward as far as Suedia, the port of Antioch at the mouth of the Orontes, and near the site of the ancient Daphne,—a distance of about 400 miles.

The greater part of this route has been too often described to need repetition here; yet any account of the cedars of Libanus must always prove interesting, and although only the descendants of the "trees of Eden,"—for we cannot suppose even the most ancient of these patriarchs of the forest much to exceed a thousand years in age,—still they impart character to the landscape, and forcibly revive the sacred associations connected with the mountains of Lebanon.

Mr. Barker says, "On the road to Bisharra, (the village nearest the Cedars), is the most magnificent scenery imaginable; the poplar, the walnut, and the weeping willow form a mass of foliage which presents a striking contrast to the barren rocks which rise immediately above; abundance of water streams in every direction, and exuberant vegetation denotes the fertility of the soil—while before you the dark cedars o'ertopped by the lofty Lebanon, its summits reaching the limits of perpetual snow, combine to

form a scene which it rarely falls to the lot of a traveller to gaze upon."

"The cedar forest" our traveller describes "as comprising about 600 trees"; of course he includes young as well as old, as we know from former travellers that of the more ancient trees only twenty-eight were found by Bellonius in the middle of the sixteenth century. Father Dandini, in 1600, counted twenty-three; Maundrell, in 1696, could only reckon sixteen; Pococke only fifteen; Burckhardt, in 1810, counted twelve; Richardson, in 1818, found them reduced to seven; and M. de Lamartine, in 1832, speaks of seven still remaining, but the snow prevented his reaching them.

"Quitting the forest," says Mr. Barker, "by an abrupt ascent, in an hour and a half I reached the limit of perpetual snow; and descending on the other side, arrived, in six hours, at Deir el Ahmar, where the plain begins, at whose eastern extremity, and at the foot of Anti-Libanus, stand the ruins of Baalbec; here are evident traces of the building of Solomon beneath the superstructure of the Romans, but this city has been too often and too minutely described for me to attempt it. I pass on to the source of the Orontes, distant about thirty miles to the north-east,—a spot little known, and visited by few, if by any, European travellers, chiefly owing to the danger attending it. But being well acquainted with the native language, I trusted myself to a guide of the Mutwali tribe, notorious as robbers and for their hatred of all sects which differ from them in religion, and set forward. Proceeding on a plain in an E.N.E. direction, along the foot of Anti-Libanus, in six hours I reached the village of Labroe, perched on a small hill, round the base of which runs a stream, which eventually falls into the Orontes. Six hours more to the eastward stands Fichi, beautifully situated at the foot of Anti-Libanus; and at Ras, a village at the extremity of the range, we leave the hills, and incline more to the north-east across the plain to the river of Labroe, which I reached in three hours. A ride of two hours along its banks brings you to the source of the Orontes, which gushes with violence from a natural rocky basin of a triangular form, measuring about fifty paces on each side, but so overgrown with a dense mass of foliage of oak, chestnut, and willow, that it is almost concealed from view; the spring forms at once a considerable stream, and from the many windings it takes in its northerly course, its occasional violence, and frequent inundations, has obtained from the natives the name of Aazsi, or 'the rebel.' It passes through Homs, Hamah, and Antioch; and finally, after a course of nearly 200 miles, reaches the sea at Suedia."

4th. A memoir on the southern coast of Arabia, by Lieut. Wellsted, I.N.

In this communication the author describes that part of the Arabian coast which extends between the port of Aden, in lat. 12° 43' N., and the town of Shaer, in lat. 14° 40' N., long. 49° 30' E., comprising about 300 miles in a north-east direction.

The general features present nothing very novel compared to other, better known, parts of the coast, but this paper is valuable, as it fills up a blank in the geography of a part of the Arabian peninsula, of which no detailed account has yet been laid before the public.

Mr. Wellsted visited this coast on board the H.C. surveying vessel *Palinurus*, and was occasionally despatched by the commander, Capt. Haines, to collect information regarding the geography of the interior of the country, while the other officers were engaged in carrying on the survey of the coast.

On one occasion, the author penetrated to the distance of fifty miles from the coast, to Nukub-ul-Hadjar, where he was rewarded by the discovery of ruins of considerable extent, and inscriptions, it is believed in the Ethiopic character, a copy of which, with a drawing of the buildings, was exhibited.

We need hardly premise, that of the southern coast of Arabia our knowledge is very limited. Capt. Owen laid down the principal points of it in a rapid survey in 1826; but of the detail nothing was known till the survey now in progress. Of the interior we know absolutely nothing; and till Mr. Wellsted's journey, we believe no European, during the last three centuries, ever ventured one mile from the beach.

April 29, 1835.—Having heard from the natives that some extensive ruins were to be seen in the interior, our traveller left the village of Baal-haff, about seventy miles to the eastward of Aden, and trusting himself solely to the guidance of the Bedouin Arabs, he mounted his camel, and set out in search of them. After four hours along the beach, the track turns N.N.W., and continues over a deep sandy desert,—the sand piled in hillocks, in the form of crescents, convexing to seaward, much resembling the account Dr. Meyen gives of the Pampa Grande of Arequipa, and Pottinger's description of the desert of Beloochistan. At twenty miles from the coast, the sand gave place to table lands, intersected by numerous ravines; here the tamarisk and acacia began to make their appearance. They now entered the Wady Mayfah, about one mile and a half in breadth; the formation of the country chiefly limestone, and on either hand, at about twenty miles distance, table mountains reached an elevation of 5,000 feet above the sea; the aspect of the country much improved—numerous villages—extensive date groves—verdant fields of jowaree, and herds of sleek cattle, present a pleasing contrast to the barren tract which girts the sea coast. The Arabs showed evident marks of surprise at so novel an apparition, and asked many questions as to where the Kafir was going to, &c. At fifty miles from the coast stand the ruins of Nukub-ul-Hadjar, surrounding a small eminence in the middle of the valley, about 800 yards long by 400 broad; a wall, where perfect, about thirty-five feet high by ten thick, flanked by square towers, has been carried round the hill, with an entrance to the north and to the south, on either side of which stands a massive square tower, projecting considerably beyond the rest of the building—the whole composed of hewn stones of compact grey limestone, carefully cemented with mortar, and in some places so accurately joined that Mr. Wellsted could not introduce the blade of a knife. Within these walls are the ruins of several buildings; on the interior of the northern entrance was found an inscription in two parallel lines, the letters of about eight inches long, in perfect preservation, and it is believed to be in the Homerite Arabic, or possibly the Ethiopic character.

From the situation and plan of this building, it would seem to have been intended for a magazine and fort, and probably was erected during the period that the trade from India flowed through Arabia towards Egypt, and thence to Europe; and at which time this country, comprehending Yemen, Saba, and Hydrant, under the splendid dominion of the Saba or Homerite dynasty, seems to have fully merited the distinctive appellation of Arabia Felix.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 16.—G. R. Porter, Esq. in the chair.—The following distinguished individuals were elected Foreign Members of the Society:—Baron Humboldt, Signor Arpino, of Naples, M. Van der Maelen, of Bruxelles, Herr Hoffmann, and M. Dieterici, of Berlin. A paper, by the Chairman, was read, entitled 'A statistical account of the Mineral Products obtained in France during the year 1834; taken from official documents.' In a few preliminary observations, the author observed that it was to the mineral treasures of Britain that we are principally indebted for the means of prosecuting the species of industry which has made our country the first in commerce and manufactures, and yet that no systematic effort has ever been made to acquire authentic information of the state and extent of this source of our wealth and power; and that it is a tacit reproach to the nation, that while we are content to remain in ignorance of the statistics of our iron and coal mines—our most important mineral treasures—a French gentleman, M. Le Play, officially deputed by the French government, has recently visited, and ascertained the nature, produce, and capability of every iron-work, and nearly every coal-field in England, Scotland, and Ireland. It was stated as probable, that an account of these researches would be laid before the Statistical Society.

In reference, however, to the immediate subject of inquiry, it was stated by Mr. Porter that the French government has established a board of commissioners, under the control of the Minister of the Interior, the duties of which board are well defined under its

title of 'Direction Générale des Ponts et Chaussées et des Mines.' This board has under its orders a competent staff of well-educated engineers, part of whose duty it is to collect the statistical details of the works they are appointed to inspect. A report, in which these details are embodied, has very recently been made, in which the amount and value of the mineral industry of each department of France during the year 1834, are given with a degree of minuteness and of accuracy that cannot fail to be satisfactory and practically useful. The paper proceeded to give an abstract of the results brought forward in the report of the commissioners.

The subject is divided under six heads, as follows:—1. Iron-works; 2. Fuel; 3. Metals, other than iron; 4. Salt, alum, and coppers, (sulphate of iron); 5. Quarries; 6. Various operations connected with mineral substances.

More than two-thirds of the value created in France by mining industry belongs to its Iron-works. These are spread over a great part of the kingdom, there being only 12 out of the 86 departments, into which it is divided, where iron-works are not carried on. The quantity of ore extracted from the whole of the iron mines amounted to 1,551,473 tons English weight, of which the value was 144,252l., which is considerably increased by the cost of labour in dressing the ore, and of carriage to the furnaces.

The number of smelting furnaces in use was 374; and the weight of iron produced 221,886 tons. About five-sixths of this quantity was made in the form of pig-iron, and the remainder into castings of various kinds. The value added to the material by these operations was 1,297,502l.

No. of reverberatory furnaces for re-melting pig-iron, 50
Cupolas ditto, 132
Quantity of metal thus treated, 15,492 tons.
Of which the value was, 288,365l.
And the cost of the processes, 142,575l.

Hence, it appears, that the cost of pig-iron is equal to 7l. 6s. per ton, and of castings from re-meltings 18l. 12s. 3d. per ton.

There are stated to have been in use 97 furnaces for converting the ore at once into malleable iron and steel, by a peculiar process, employed in Corsica. The quantities of each metal produced in this manner were—iron, 8,531 tons; steel, 399 tons. The value of the metal produced, and the cost of these processes, were:—

| | Value. | Cost of process. |
|------------|------------|------------------|
| Iron..... | £138,002l. | |
| Steel..... | 8,577l. | £100,527 |

No. of forges for converting cast into malleable iron, 1,230
Quantity made by these, 131,862 tons.
The value of which was, 2,251,290l.

Per ton, 17l. 1s. 7d.
Whole cost of this conversion, 1,002,970l.
Per ton, 8l. 1s. 3d.

No. of rolling, drawing, and slitting machines, 1,556
Quantity of iron thus treated, 68,976 tons.
Value of matters produced, 1,637,156l.
Per ton, 23l. 14s. 8d.
Cost of conversion, 208,884l.
Per ton, 4l. 6s. 8d.

No. of refineries for converting iron into steel, 69
Cementing stoves for ditto, 28
Quantity of blistered steel produced, 6,170 tons.
Of which the value was, 174,737l.

Per ton, 28l. 6s. 5d.
Cost of conversion, 78,935l.
Per ton, 12l. 15s. 10d.

No. of moulding furnaces used, 54
Quantity of cast steel produced, 320 tons.
Of which the value was, 22,223l.

Per ton, 69l. 8s. 9d.
Cost of process, 10,563l.
Per ton, 33l.

No. of tilt-hammers employed, 94
Quantity of steel hammered and drawn, 3,655 tons.
Of which the value was, 201,106l.

Per ton, 55l.
Expense of manufacture, 61,832l.
Per ton, 17l. 14s. 9d.

No. of scythes forged, 973,006
Files, 135,588 dozen.
Ditto, 338,300 bundles.

| | Value of these articles..... | £93,472 |
|--------------------------|------------------------------|---------|
| Cost of manufacture..... | | 51,910 |

The total value of the French iron manufacture is thus shown to amount to 3,492,519l.

Five-sixths in value of the fuel used in the iron manufacture was the produce of the forests of France. The other kinds of fuel—viz. bituminous coal and turf, or peat, made up the remaining sixth; the total value of the fuel used being 1,449,338l.

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ore raised in France, including 8,930 tons of malleable iron and steel made by the Corsican method, was 230,816 tons, so that the cost of fuel for each ton amounted to 6l. 5s. 7d. The expense under this head for roasting and smelting the ore was 3l. 16s. 2d. per ton; for converting pig into malleable iron, 3l. 13s. 8d. per ton.

The total number of workmen employed was 31,704, exclusive of those employed in transporting the ore, in procuring fuel, carbonizing wood and coal, and conveying them to the smelting works and forges.

FUEL.—Coal mines are worked in 34 of the departments of France, but in most of them only to a very small extent. Four-fifths of the entire production are drawn from the four departments of Loire, Nord, Saône-et-Loire, and Aveyron. The number of coal mines is stated to be 209, of which only 140 were worked during the year 1834. The quantity of coal extracted was 1,550,530 tons, the value of which, at 7s. 6d. per ton, amounted to 581,448l.

Lignite is found in 14 departments, chiefly in those bordering on the Mediterranean. About three-fifths of the entire produce is procured in the department of the Mouths of the Rhone. The number of mines of this mineral is 75, only 48 of which were in operation in this year. The produce amounted in quantity to 69,177 tons, and in value to 22,314l. The number of workmen employed in raising this produce was 760.

Anthracite is produced in the four departments of Isère, Mayenne, Sarthe, and Hautes Alpes. These mines have been worked only a few years; their produce has been quadrupled since 1828, and is still rapidly increasing. Out of 32 mines, 24 are in activity, and yielded in 1834, 38,398 tons, the value of which was 20,483l., and the number of workmen employed was 533.

Mineral Bitumen is found in the three departments of L'Ain, Puy de Dome, and Bas Rhin. This branch of industry is at present greatly on the increase. The quantity of purified bituminous product amounted in 1834 to 870 tons, and its value to 7,025l. The number of mines are 6, of which 5 were in operation, employing 182 workmen.

Peat is found in greater or less quantity in more than 40 of the departments of France. In some few of these it has been procured for many centuries, but in the greater part, through ignorance or prejudice, the inhabitants have not availed themselves of its advantages until the present century. The whole of France yields annually about 42,380,400 cubic feet, valued at 120,000l. The collection of this fuel is made during three or four months in the summer, when it affords employment to 40,000 persons—men, women, and children. It thus appears that the number of persons employed in raising and collecting mineral fuel, bituminous matter, and peat, amounts to 55,600, and that the value created by their labour amounts to 770,212l.

METALS.—The Lead mines of France, 29 in number, are situated in 18 departments, but only 10 mines are now productive. This produce, during 1834, was—

| | |
|---------------------------|---------------|
| Silver 4,442 lb. Troy wt. | value £18,572 |
| Lead 499 tons | value 7,268 |
| Litharge, &c. 317 tons .. | value 5,075 |

The conversion of pig-lead into sheets, pipes, &c. adds about 40,000l. to the value of the metal: 1,152 workmen are employed—viz. 581 in the mines, and 571 in the subsequent operations. A very small part—not above one-sixteenth—of the lead used in France is of home production. The deficiency is principally supplied from Spain.

Argentiferous deposits have been found in the departments of Finisterre, Isère, and Haut Rhin, but the only mine which at present yields any profitable return is at Huelgoat, in Finisterre. The ore which it yields is smelted together with the lead ore obtained in Finisterre, and has been included in the above statement of the produce of the lead mines.

The Copper mines in France are nine in number, but only two are in operation, and the produce of these is inconsiderable, and rapidly decreasing. In the year 1834 the total produce amounted only to 135 tons. There are numerous works in France on a large scale for the manufacture of various articles of copper, brass, and bronze, but the metallic copper used is almost wholly of foreign production, and chiefly that of Russia and England.

Antimony is found in the mountains of Auvergne and the Vivarais, but the quantity produced is but small, and amounted in the same year to only 101 tons, valued at 2,849l. The number of workmen employed in extracting the ore and founding the metal was 112.

There are five mines from which **Manganese** is obtained. The produce of these was 1,039 tons, valued at 4,206l. The number of workmen employed was 130.

Under the head of **SALINE SUBSTANCES** are included common salt (chloride of sodium), copperas (sulphate of iron), alum (sulphate of alumina and potash). The first of these substances, common salt, is procured chiefly from the evaporation of sea-water, but partly also from mines of fossil salt, and saline springs impregnated by fossil salt. The proportions in which salt is procured from these different sources are:—

| | |
|-------------------------------------|-------|
| From evaporation of sea-water | 903 |
| From brine springs | 638 |
| From mines of fossil salt | 937 |
| | 1,000 |

The total produce was 407,250 tons, value 568,351l. This quantity is found to be sufficient for the consumption of the country, and to leave upwards of 50,000 tons for exportation, principally to Sardinia and Switzerland.

The number of mines, in operation, from which the **Aluminous and Pyritic substances**, from which copperas and alum are made, was 16, and the number of people employed 924, of whom 449 work in the mines, and 475 in the preparation of the salts. The produce of **alum** in the year was 2,330 tons, valued at 33,228l.; the quantity of **copperas**, 3,177 tons, valued at 12,765l.

Under the two remaining heads—viz. 'Quarries,' and 'Various operations connected with mineral productions,' the commissioners have not given any details, the returns which they possess being as yet incomplete; but they state generally, that the mass of products thus comprised amounts in value to a greater sum than the whole of the substances of which details have been given in their report.

Total value created on the mineral products of France 4,930,534l.; total number of persons employed 89,954.

On the conclusion of the paper, Mr. Porter stated that, from the inquiries made in England by M. Le Play, the produce of coal and iron in this country is shown to have been greatly underrated. That, as the quantity of iron produced in 1836 was a million tons, the usual estimate of half a million tons for the previous years must be very erroneous, since the produce, though greatly increased in 1836, cannot be supposed to have doubled in the space of one year. That the quantity of coal produced in 1836 was 30 millions of tons, though the highest estimate given has not exceeded 23 millions.

An important Report of the Manchester Statistical Society was laid on the table, containing an account of the state of Education in Liverpool.—An announcement was made of the formation of a Committee on Criminal Statistics; and the attention of the meeting was then called to an article in a French newspaper (*Le Droit*) on the English statistical tables of crime, in which the inferiority of the English to the French tables was exhibited, with objections similar to those of Mr. Symonds, of whose paper we recently gave an abstract. A long and interesting discussion ensued, the result of which was to show the impossibility of forming any correct estimate of the relative moral condition of the population of two countries, by comparing the numbers of criminals brought before their tribunals, as these must be importantly affected by differences in the respective codes of law.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

The Evening Meetings commenced on the 20th, when considerable interest was excited from its being known that Mr. Faraday was to deliver a lecture on the views of Professor Mossotti, of Cortù, who has lately promulgated an opinion, that one general law would account for those forces of matter which are exhibited in universal gravitation, cohesion, and electrical attraction and repulsion. Mr. Faraday began by observing, that the want of such general law had been strongly felt, and had latterly been more than hinted at by Babbage, Roget, and other

philosophers. The law of gravitation was so well known that illustrations were unnecessary; but it was remarkable, that this species of attractive force had no opposing or counteracting force, such as existed in chemical affinity and even in aggregation. The feebleness of the power of gravitation was such, that it was exceedingly difficult to illustrate it experimentally, but that such existed between all bodies on the surface of the earth was demonstrated by the experiments made by Mr. Cavendish. That the particles of any substance, as marble or water, were not in contact, but were merely held together by an attractive force, was a received axiom in philosophy, and proved by the commonest experiments made with heat or pressure upon bodies, and shown by bending an elastic rod, where the particles of the convex side were forced further apart, and those on the concave side intacted nearer. The theory of Mossotti takes all these properties of solids and fluids into consideration, and a new interest is attached to them, from the simplicity of the law by which they are explained.

The third kind of power, which Mossotti sought to comprehend in this general law, was electrical force. This brought him to the important part of the subject. Coulomb, Poisson, and others, had felt great difficulty in supposing that matter could have a repulsive force inversely as the square of the distance, since Newton had shown it had an attractive force subject to the same law. But about ten years since, Dr. Roget, in summing up the opinions of Cæpinus, refuted the objections contained in this great and common error, that his theory was in opposition to the law of universal gravitation propounded by Newton; and also stated, that both electrical phenomena and gravitation might be comprehended under the same laws, and prove a mere consequence of electrical action. Professor Mossotti assumes only one ethereal or electrical matter, having a repulsion amongst its own particles, which acts inversely as the square of the distances, or the reverse of the law of gravitation. The particles of matter are also assumed as having a repulsive power inversely as the square of the distance, but the matter and the electricity are supposed to attract each other in the same ratio. It is, however, assumed, that the repulsion of matter for itself, is a little less than the electric repulsion, or than the mutual attraction of matter and electricity. Hence, there is such an adjustment of these forces, that, at certain distances, matter acts inversely as the square of the distance, producing gravitation; but when the particles are nearer to each other, the powers are balanced, producing the state of cohesion; and when they are still nearer, they exert that repulsion, which keeps the particles of every solid and fluid body out of actual contact. None of the common electrical phenomena embraced by Professor Poisson's theory are left out of this, and the calculations on which these views are founded, have been submitted to Professor Whewell, who has testified to their general accuracy. The result proves that, whilst gravitation is so weak as to require planets to exhibit it, and electrical action and chemical affinity are far superior and higher than aggregation, that gravitation results from a small residuum of an universal force, arising from the balance of these three powers, and that it is this minute excess of the fluid of electricity which binds all bodies together in the planetary systems, and on the earth. Thus, an approximation has been made to one great general principle, which can explain all the laws and phenomena of motion.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 24.—Rev. John Barlow, F.R.S., in the chair.—Mr. Gould exhibited several raptorial birds from the collection made by Mr. Charles Darwin. Amongst these there was one species of Vulturidae, which inhabits the Andes and Rocky Mountains; the *Polyborus montanus*; two species of True Falcons; two species of Buzzards, new to science, from North America, and another from the Gallipagos Islands; and four species of the genus *Strix*. He also exhibited a new Parrot, from the interior of New South Wales, which he named *Platyercus erythronotus*. Mr. Martin described four mammalia from the same collection, consisting of the *Cervus campestris*, or Gouazerte Deer of Azan; *Canis Azane*, or Agouarachay Fox of Azan; a new Fox from the island of

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